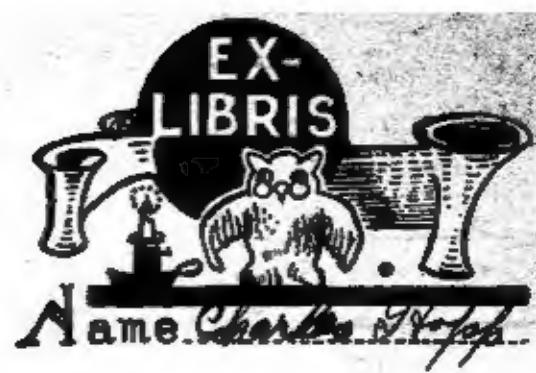


1922



The Red Pepper

A year book
published by the
Blue Triangle
and Hi-Y Clubs
of Wiley . . .
High School.

VOLUME II

1922

The Red Pepper for 1922



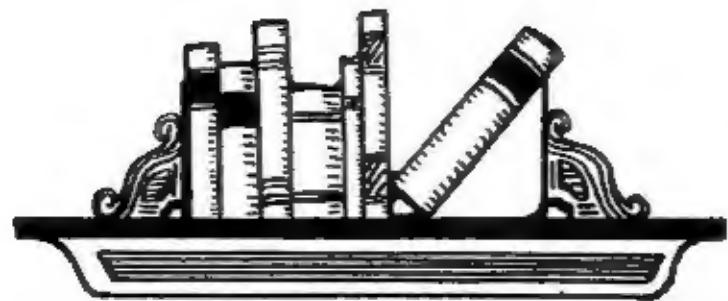
The Red Pepper for 1922

Dedication

TO Professor William H. Wiley,
who for forty-six years unselfishly
served the Terre Haute public
schools, and for whom our school is
worthily named, we the members
of the Blue Triangle and Hi-Y Clubs
of the Wiley High School of Terre
Haute, Indiana, are proud to dedi-
cate this second volume of The Red
Pepper.

The Red Pepper for 1922





Faculty

The Red Pepper for 1922



PROF. ORVILLE E. CONNER, Principal

Charles, if all Wiley
graduates were as
good as you we'd
have little trouble
in our institution.
Your old pal,
Orville.



MRS. KATHRYN CRAPO, Registrar

La Poivre Rouge Says:

*For downright efficiency in teaching
The Wiley Faculty can't be beat.*

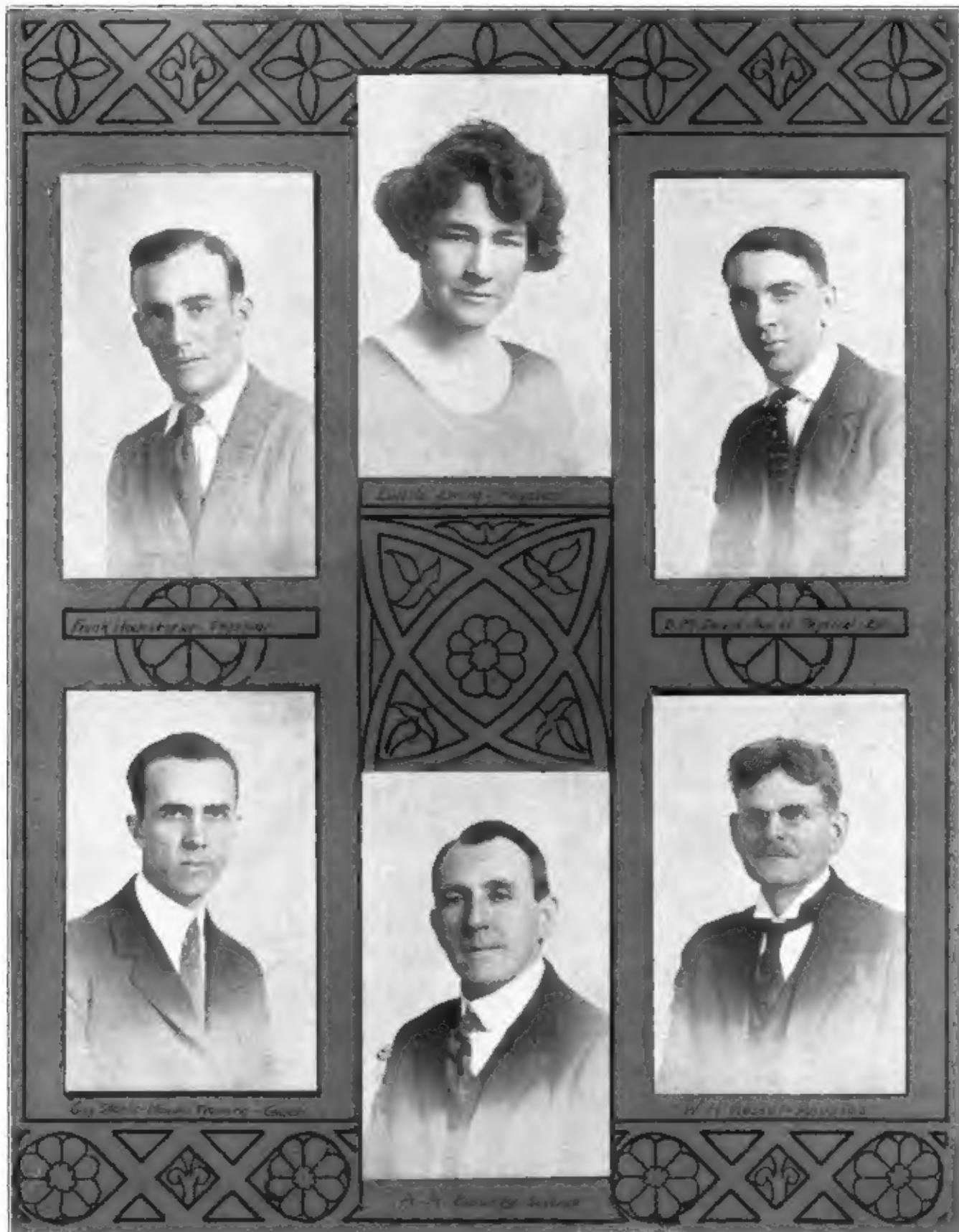
Their strenuous job is to teach us to lay our foundation
for life and build thereon.

Are they master builders?
Well, we'll say they are!

The Red Pepper for 1922



The Red Pepper for 1922



The Red Pepper for 1922



The Red Pepper for 1922



The Red Pepper for 1922



The Red Pepper of 1922



The Red Pepper for 1922





class



Seniors

The Red Pepper for 1922



ROBERT GREENLAW

"Pete"
Montrose 18
Sigma Chi
Treasurer Juniper 1
Pep Staff 21
Sophomore Executive Committee
Committee Chairman Hy Y. Club

CHLORUS HICKMAN

Mont	18
Delta	20
Psi	20
Sigma	20
Sigma	20

PERRY CONKLIN

Sigma	18
X	18
Sigma	19
Alpha	19
H. Y.	19

IRENE STARK

Pep Staff 21
Bue Triangle Club Treasurer 20, 21
Bue Triangle Club President 21
President Playmakers 21

ARTHUR NEWPORT

"Art"
Wendle 18
Sigma Chi
Treasurer Senior Class
H. Y. Club Sergeant at arm
Track 21

RUTH LAMPASLINE

"Salomy Jane"
Montrose 18
Tau Gamma Delta 18
Sigma Chi 18
Gamma Sigma Delta
Alpha Phi 18
Kappa Kappa Gamma 20
Sigma Chi 21
Alpha Gamma Delta 22
Sigma Chi 22
Alpha Gamma Delta 22
D.W.D.

HAROLD FINGER

"Hip"
Sanderson 18
President Hy Y. Club 22
Football 22
Track 21, 22
K. X. M. A.

ETHEL GARRIGUS

"Garry"
Montrose Bue Triangle Club 21
Bue Triangle Club 22
Red Pepper Staff 21
Sigma Chi 18
Red Pepper Staff 22
Playmakers
D.W.D.

The Red Pepper of 1922



ROBERT ALLEN

— 18
— 19

Bobby

MARY ANN ALLEN

— 18
— 19
— 20

"Alma"

NATHAN ALLEN

— 18

"Nate"

JOHN ALSTROM

— 18
— 19
— 20

Irvin

JOHN AUSTERMILLER

— 18
— 19

Fred

LEONARD BACH

— 18
— 19
— 20

Berry

DUDLEY BALSELLY

Sherman — 18
H. A. Chu
K. N. M. A.

"Dud"

CHARLOTTE ALTEKUSI

Blue Tropic Cat
D. W. D.
G. R. G. C. P. C.

"Alte"

The Red Pepper of 1922



MARY E. STANLEY

MARY E. STANLEY

DAVIS

The Red Pepper for 1922



EARL CAREY 1-9

Fairbanks 17
G.A. Club
Football '22, '23, '24
Soc. 1-2
——— 2
K.N.M.A.

ANNA JEANETTE HILL "Amy" 1-9

Fairbanks 8
The Triangle Club
Senior Executive Co.
D.W.D.

PAUL CRANE 1-9

Crane

FRIEDA BINZER 1-9

Binzer
———
———
———
———

PRESTON DAVIS

Davis Park 18

MARY BOUSMAN

Bousman
———
———
———
———
———

RECTOR ELLIOTT 1-9

Rector
G.A. Exec. 1-9
Soc. 1-2
W. ——
Dramat

HILLMA BRADSHAW 1-9

Bradshaw
———
———
———
———
———

The Red Pepper for 1922



ELLEN DIXON

Dixie

CLARENCE ELLIS

Ellis

CORINNE KIRK

"Randy"

Conrad

THEL CONGDON

Irish

DELL COOK

Cook

Lynn

HARRY HANTMAN

Hantman

Bill

FRANCES DONNELLY

Danika

Bella

Shirley

Sam

Ward

Doris

CARL FROMMI

Carl

Carl

The Red Pepper for 1922



JAMES CLARK
S. Joseph T.
L. V. C.
C. G. C.
W. D.

AUDREY DAVIS
S. Joseph T.
W. D.

MARK ARTHUR
S. Joseph T.
W. D.

JOHN GRIFFIN
S. Joseph T.
W. D.

CLIFFE EASTHAM
S. Joseph T.
W. D.

HESTER EDMONDS
S. Joseph T.
W. D.

RUSSELL GARDNER
S. Joseph T.
W. D.

KUTCHER BEPE
S. Joseph T.
W. D.

Laura

Eden

Ma

"Griff"

"Cliff"

"Hez"

Gard

Letty

The Red Pepper of 1922



ROBERT HALL

Broadway 12
H. A. Executive Committee
Football 18, 19, 20

Bob '

CARL ANTHONY HILLSON

"Pickle"

MIRIAM LAKRIS

Crafts 18
D.W.D.
Drama

Mir '22

RAYING HEATH

Daves Pick 18

Ray

MARY FERREE

Mt. Pleasant 18
D.W.D.

"Mary"

R. E. GOLDBECK

S
C. D.

BYRON HEDGES

1

Hedge

RAY A. FOX

Montrose 8
The Triangle Club
D.W.D.

Fox '

The Red Pepper of 1922



CATHERINE GALLIN

"Kate"
D.W.D.

WILLIAM HILLIS

D.W.D.

MARGARET GARNER

"Marg"
Sheridan '18
the Triangle Club
D.W.D.

NELLIE GOODRICH

"Nell"
McClaw '18
the T.
Red P.
P.
S.
D.W.D.

LEROY HODGERS

"G.B."
Barbanks '18
H.A. Club Executive Comm.
I. S. 1-20-21
A. A.
Fox & Wrest '19
Track '21

ANNA GRAFF

"Ani"
Crawford '18
the Triangle Club
D.W.D.
Dramat

NORMA GLACK

"Burke"
Davis Park '17
the Triangle Club
D.W.D.
Dram

CHARLES HOPPE

"Charlie"
Football '18, P.
All America
All State
Track '20-21

The Red Pepper of 1922



OBERT L. KNAPP

Dickie

RUSSELL JOHNSON

B.Y.C.

HAZEL HOLMES

A.

Mr. K.

"Russ"

"Sherlock"

LAWRENCE HYLAND

L.

al

JAMES HYLAND

*Normal I
B.Y.C.*

"Tom"

MARGARET HYLAND

S.

"Magg"

EDITH HUSTON

*Normal School
D.W.D.*

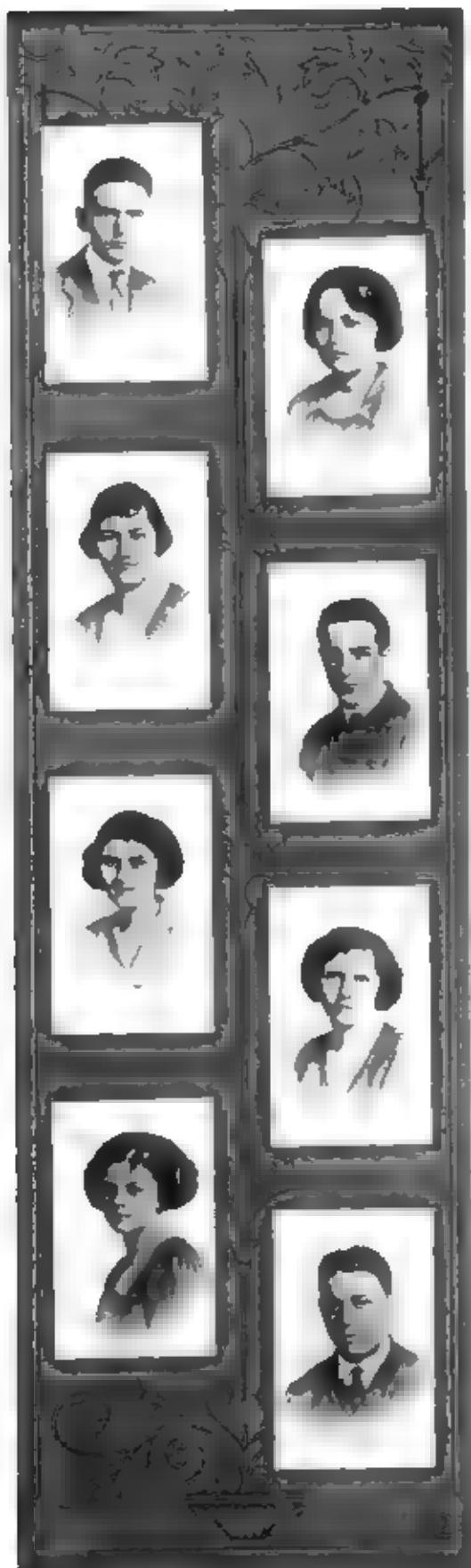
"Ed"

DONNELL JOHNSON

Mr. Peacock

"Don"

The Red Pepper of 1922



KEWPIE
S. L. C.
CONSTANCE
TALMADGE

JOHN BARRYMORE

EDWARD
VALINTINO

CONSTANCE
TALMADGE

GRETNA GARBO
RUDOLPH VALENTINO
WALLACE REID

ANNA MAY WONG
MARY PICKFORD

CONSTANCE TALMADGE
EDWARD VALENTINO

EDWARD VALENTINO
CONSTANCE TALMADGE
WALLACE REID

MARY PICKFORD
ANNIE GETHING
EDWARD VALENTINO

The Red Pepper for 1922



R. E. C.

M. V. COOK

Mac

C. NEVAK RICHES

L

MARY LOWRY

"Lover"

Sullivan H. S.

LARR

Summit Is.

Triangle C

D. W. 40

K. A. V. V. N. A. X. D.

Ma

H. N. D. F.

S

W. D.

T. ODORE LUCAS

"Te

Montrose 48

The Red Pepper for 1922



GERTRUDE FARMER	"Gertrude"
Bulman '18	
Delta Delta Delta	
D.W.D.	
HARVEY MAYROSE	"Harry"
Business Admin.	
C.Y.C.	
D.W.D.	
PALL McNEILIS	"Mae"
HELEN MILLER	"Milly"
Fairbanks '18	
The Triangle	
D.W.D.	
KATHRYN CHAPMAN	"Kathryn"
S.T.A.S.	
C.Y.C.	
D.W.D.	
IRENE MOELTER	"Rene"
Fairbanks '18	
C.Y.C.	
D.W.D.	
MARION WEBER	"Web"
The Triangle Chor.	
D.W.D.	
KEMP MOORE	"Kemp"
Fairbanks '18	
Hi-Y-Che Executive Committee	
F.C.C.	

The Red Pepper of 1922



THEODORE MOENKE
Davis Park '19

"Tec"

LAUREA OWSEY
Faranks '19
The Triangle '19
D.W.D.

"El

THELMA MOOKI
West Terre Haute '18
D.W.D.

"Fe"

EDWARD MURPHY
MacMurry College

"Murr"

ALTA NEWTON
Sealand '19 '21
D.W.D.

"Sharley"

GLADYS PARKER
Another '18
The Triangle '19
D.W.D.

"Glad"

ROSELYN PARKS
D.W.D.

"Pet"

VIRGIL MURPHY
Marshall '18

"Murph"

The Red Pepper for 1922



A. R. D. ROSENSTEIN
D. L. Lacy
D. W. D.

Mira

HARRY RHODES
Barbarks '17
H. V. Club

Roxie

MABEL PING

N. O.

ZEDITH PINNER
Book '18
Triangle Club
D. W. D.

Zeddy

ELLEN STEPHENSON
Book '18
Triangle Club
D. W. D.

Ferny

VICTOR SCHLOSSBERG
Book '18
Triangle Club
D. W. D.

Columbus

GODDA PINNER
Book '18
Triangle Club
D. W. D.

Goldy

RACHEL RAY
Book '18
Triangle Club
D. W. D.

"Curls

The Red Pepper of 1922



CLARK GABLE

1922

MAX SHERWOOD

1922

CHARLES VANCE

1922

DOROTHY TUCKER

1922
Author of "Accidents"

BERNARD NEELAN

1922

SUSAN STUART

1922
Sheridan '19
Hi-Y Club
Editor "The Star"
1922

BERNICE GILBERT

1922
Fairbanks '19
D.W.D.
Editor "The Star"
1922

C.

M.

H.

STORY

T.

"Fash"

S.W.

The Red Pepper of 1922



ELIZABETH SMITH

Sheridan 18
B-Y Club

ETHEL STUTZ

Norwood 38
Lone Triangle Club
D-W-D

Brownie

MARGERY SMITH

Greenwood 28
C-A-C
D-W-D
Gard.

"Marge

OPERA SWANSON

Greenwood 28
N.Y.C.
D-W-D
Gard.

Bobbi

ROBERT STALI

Greenwood 28
B-Y Club

RUTH SWANSON

Greenwood 28
Lone Triangle Club
D-W-D

Swan

PEARL SMITH

Greenwood 39
D-W-D

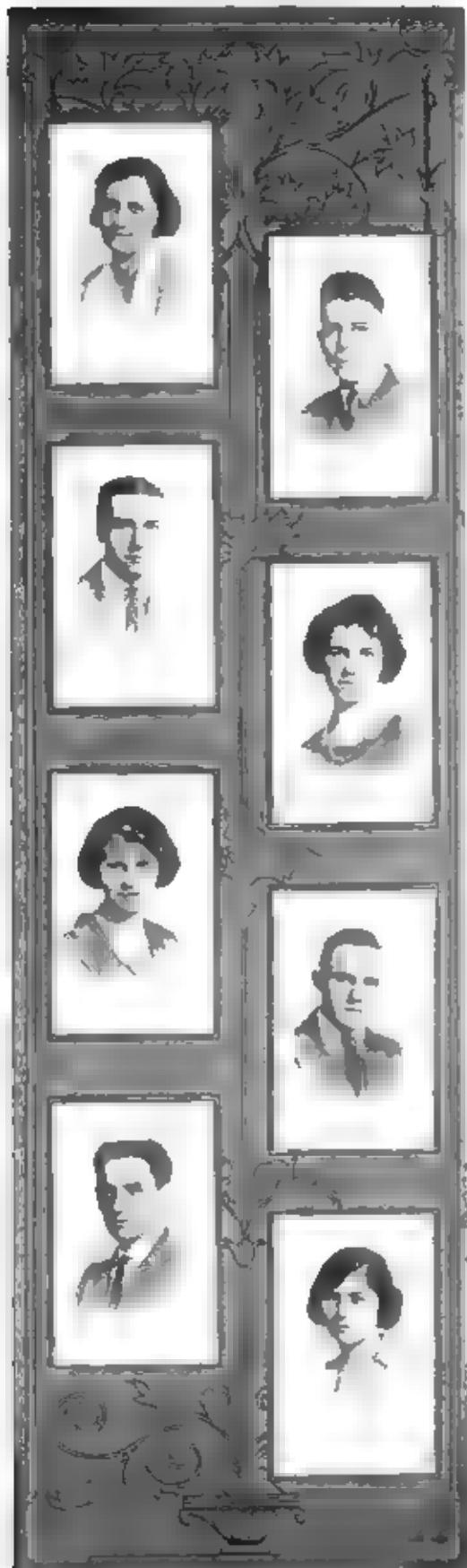
"Schmutz

CAROLE ROBERTS - Y. O.

Greenwood 39
B-Y Club
Lone Triangle Club
D-W-D

Carole

The Red Pepper for 1922



DOROTHY SCHWARTZ
Daw's Park '18

"Dot"

BRUCE WALSH

"Wishy"

CHARLES RUSSELL TAYLOR "Chick"

T
F

MILLEN TIMBERMAN

"Smiles"

INEZ TAYLOR

Glen '18
D.W.D.

"Inez"

RAYMOND WALTERS

— '18
H.Y.C.

Ray

OEDDIE VAN GESTEL

— '18
D.W.D.

"Van"

ALICE KELLY VANCE

— '18
—
—
—
—
—
—
—
—
—
D.W.D.

"Peg"

The Red Pepper for 1922



EDWARD WOOD

Vocal
Drama
Art
Music

W. Wood

MARY WOOD

Vocal
Drama

CYRENA WOODWARD

Singing
Drama
D.W.D.
Dramatic

OSIA WOODRUFF

Singing
Drama

LORA WOODS

Fayette H. S. '20
Drama
D.W.D.
I

Woods

Thomas E. Vogl

Alfredo Zamora

James Blessey

Eeland Huffine

Horace P. Conner

Edm. Stuart Jordan

Henry Denzler

Edward Lane

Frances Jackson

Bernice Madder

Elmer Davis

Ed. Lewis

Arthur Frost

Ed. R. Dunn

Edna Fisher

Merle Evans

Arthur Bulkes

Margaret She

Esther Estee

Lawrence Turner

Elizabeth Groerer

Magdalena Welch

Mary Green

James White

Eugenia Young

The Red Pepper for 1922



The Red Pepper for 1922

A Western Mistake In Identity

Senior Prize Story—Edna Hyneman

Joan rose quietly from her bed and tiptoed to the window of the ranch house. As she looked out on the moonlight hills, the events of the last three months passed slowly through her mind—her return from Europe, at the close of the war, after three years of service, her meeting with her parents and friends, and, at the reaction of her nerves, her long illness. Her father, when called suddenly to go West, decided to take Joan with him, thinking that getting away from the whirl of social life, the new sights, and the climate of the West, might help his daughter. Mr. Gordon had gone on, leaving Joan at this quiet ranch of a friend. She had learned to ride, and the long nights of sleeplessness were very infrequent.

The first streaks of light in the east showed that day was breaking. The bare of the hills seemed to call Joan to saddle "Mexo" and go for a ride. Without thinking of the instructions her father had given her, about riding alone, she hurriedly donned her riding suit, crept down the stairs, and out at the side door.

Mexo greeted her with a nicker and with slight trouble, she got him saddled and was soon on her way. This was an almost new experience for Joan. Never, since she was a small child, had she been so close to nature, at this time of day. Aurora was painting the sky a beautiful red and gold, the air was crisp and cold, and the hills in the distance looked like huge sentinels, against the sky. For several miles Joan rode letting Mexo take his course. Suddenly she noticed that the path seemed to be sloping and was unfamiliar. Somewhere—maybe one mile back, maybe five—she had left the main roads which wind over the hills. Thinking that perhaps this path would lead to the highway, she decided to go on.

Large trees grew on either side, met, and seemed to form an arch over head. The sun was shining through the leaves. All around were the sounds of nature, awakening from a long night of peaceful slumber. Ahead of her, the road branched in two directions. She was wondering which one she would take when, as she reached the place, a figure, (a typical westerner or outlaw, as Joan thought, in features and dress), stepped out and grabbed Mexo's bridle. Joan felt the blood rush from her face, and her tongue clove to the roof of her mouth. She spurred Mexo on,

but the hold on the bridle was not broken by his sudden jump. A gruff voice spoke.

"Stop that girl! Turn the horse around and follow me. I tried to stop you down the road a piece but didn't get there in time."

Joan obeyed and followed the man about a quarter of a mile down the path over which she had just traveled. Suddenly he turned to the right and Joan saw a path which she had not noticed in passing.

"Where are we going?" spoke a faint voice, which Joan hardly recognized as her own.

"You'll soon find out, since you don't already know," was the reply.

"Since I don't know! What can I do but follow?" wondered Joan.

The path wound through the trees and suddenly they came to a clearing, where stood a little hut. The man tied the horses and ordered Joan to descend and enter the house.

As she entered, the picture of a "man-made" home impressed her. On one side of the room was a huge fireplace, over which was a mantle on which there were pipes and tobacco. In several corners of the room stood rifles. Along the walls were skins of animals. Kettles stood on shelves along one of the walls. For furniture, there were three chairs, a table and a work bench. The two sleeping rooms leading from this room looked just as bare and uncomfortable, but through the trap door, leading to the room above, could be seen a comfortable cot, curtains and the windows, and a large chest.

After about fifteen minutes, the man entered again.

"You might as well cook breakfast now. Your father won't be here until later. He said to make yourself at home and get acquainted with things. I'll be back in a few minutes," he said starting out the door.

"Why, what do you mean? Father coming here? Why—?"

"Of course he's coming here. Where do you expect him to go?" and the door slammed leaving Joan amazed standing in the middle of the room.

What should? What could she do? Was this man insane or was her father really expecting her to live in this awful place and do the cooking? The

(Continued on page 41)

The Red Pepper for 1922



MAX GECKER

"Fish"

CLAUDE SWEENEY

"Ree"

N
K
A

RAY DAVIS

GEORGE TOELF

St. Patrick's L.
Football Is
Base Ball Team
Hi-Y-C
K-N-M-A

"Hank"

CHARLES KANTMAN

K-N-M-A

A Western Mistake In Identity

(Continued from page 40)

best thing she decided, was to do as she was told until she saw her father for she couldn't tell what the man would do to her if she disobeyed his orders.

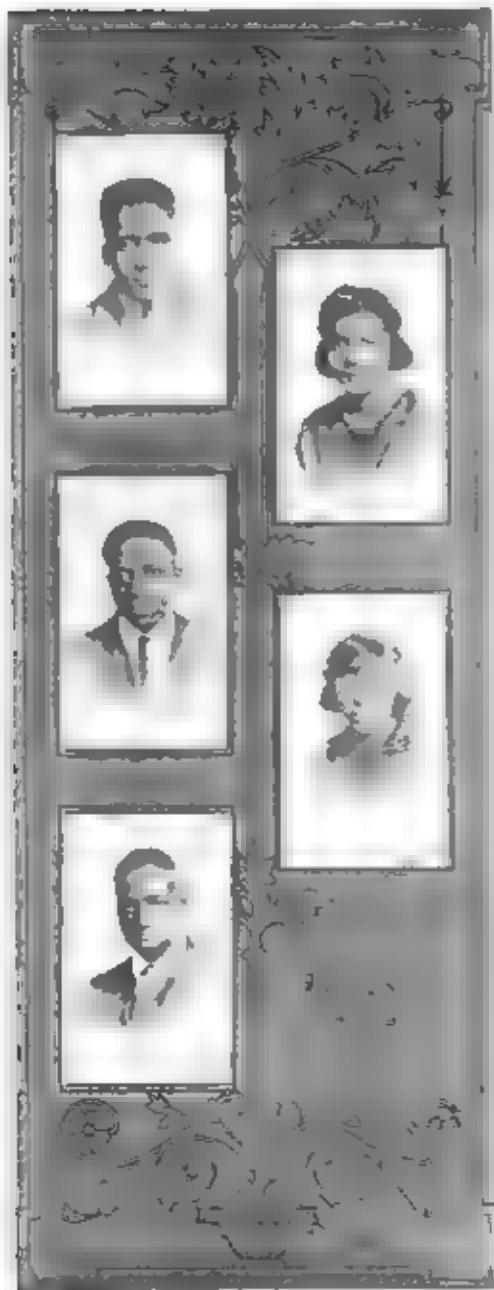
Soon she had pared some potatoes and places them on the stove had coffee made and meat fried. She searched in vain for a tablecloth but finally, after scrubbing the table thoroughly she placed what dishes she could find on it and took up the breakfast. Then she sat down to wait until the man

should return. He soon came in and after breakfast was over, left to clear away the dishes and to pass the time to sit herself telling her that he would watch to see if she needed anything.

She set about making things more homelike and planning just how to express herself to her father when he arrived. The only thing that impressed her favorably about the place was the beauty of the outdoors. From one of the windows could be seen a most beautiful Natural picture. At about a quarter of a mile away through the trees was a little brook.

(Continued on page 42)

The Red Pepper of 1922



OSCAR EDWARDS
F. Washington 16

E. PERKINS

RICHARD WINSTON

MARY WINSTON

WINTON JONES
R. T. Washington 17

A Western Mistake In Identity

(Continued from page 40)

trecking along. It emptied into a creek which after a short distance fell over the rocks for about thirty feet. The dropping of the water over the falls made very musical sounds.

As Joan was looking at this picture, she heard a horse coming at a rapid pace along the road. She rushed to the door but as she saw it was a stranger, drew back to the house.

"Ho, Steve! Where're you? Did Ruth come?" the rider shouted.

The man who had brought Joan to this place came into the room.

"Sure, sir, she came early this morning. I met her down the road there, as you said. She couldn't have gone the way without me. She sure has changed, too," he answered.

The stranger or Mr. Ranchiffe as we shall now call him entered the house.

"Ruth child, where are you?" he called.

(Continued on page 108)



Juniors —

The Red Pepper for 1922



SYLVAN REIBEL
President

NOEL MCBRIDE
Vice-President

WALTER SCOTT
Secretary

NED BUSH
Treasurer

History of The Class of '23

As Freshmen we did nothing in the way of school activities except the things that are characteristic of Freshmen such as slyly throwing spit balls and running up and down stairs.

However in our Sophomore year we started our activities as an organized body of students. We organized late in the month of October with Miss Florence Richards as our faculty advisor.

During this period of our school life we had two parties and a picnic. All three events were decided successes, and it was with rather reluctant feelings that we passed into our wonderful Junior year.

Our officers for our Sophomore year were:
Ernest Hawk, President
Minerva Vaughn, Vice-President
Nancy Jane Taylor, Secretary
Cern Flutelinson, Treasurer

At first it seemed that our Junior year was going to be a fizzle. On account of the unsettled condition of the school in the fall of the year we were very slow in getting started. One of the main difficulties in getting started was the lack of a faculty advisor. However Miss Helen G. Milks of the French department to the great joy of the Juniors took this responsible position.

One of the first things that the class did after getting organized was to take over the editing of "The Wiley Pep," the monthly publication of the school. The Senior class published the first edition which was the Christmas issue because we didn't get organized until a week before Christmas. Since then the staff appointed by the Junior class has published the remaining issues.

The paper published by this staff has been the biggest "Pep" ever published by any other class that ever got organized.

To date the class has held only three social events. It plans to throw at least one more event. The big event of the year will be the Prom, the date of which will be June 2.

On January 20th the first big event the class ever gave came in the form of a party. The party was success in every sense of the word.

On February 28th a successful jive dance was held in the halls of the school. The entire student body was invited to attend. The dance was a Mardi Gras dance so consequently it was well attended.

The officers for 21-22 are:
Sylvan Reibel, President
Noel McBride, Vice-President
Walter Scott, Secretary
Ned Bush, Treasurer

The Red Pepper for 1922



A Cycle of Human Life

Sample	Yield (%)	Specific Yield (g/g)	Specific Gravity	Viscosity	Color
1	85	1.25	1.025	100	Yellow
2	78	1.30	1.030	120	Orange
3	92	1.28	1.028	115	Yellow
4	88	1.26	1.026	118	Yellow
5	90	1.27	1.027	117	Yellow

it is the same as the first one, but it is not the same as the second one. The first one is the same as the second one, but it is not the same as the third one. The second one is the same as the third one, but it is not the same as the first one. The third one is the same as the second one, but it is not the same as the first one. The fourth one is the same as the fifth one, but it is not the same as the sixth one. The fifth one is the same as the fourth one, but it is not the same as the sixth one. The sixth one is the same as the fifth one, but it is not the same as the fourth one.

Group	Mean	SD	N	SE	95% CI
Control	10.0	1.0	10	0.3	9.4 - 10.6
Alcohol	10.0	1.0	10	0.3	9.4 - 10.6
Alcohol + Cigarette	10.0	1.0	10	0.3	9.4 - 10.6
Alcohol + Marijuana	10.0	1.0	10	0.3	9.4 - 10.6
Alcohol + All three	10.0	1.0	10	0.3	9.4 - 10.6
Total	10.0	1.0	40	0.25	9.5 - 10.5

(continued on page 112)

The Red Pepper for 1922

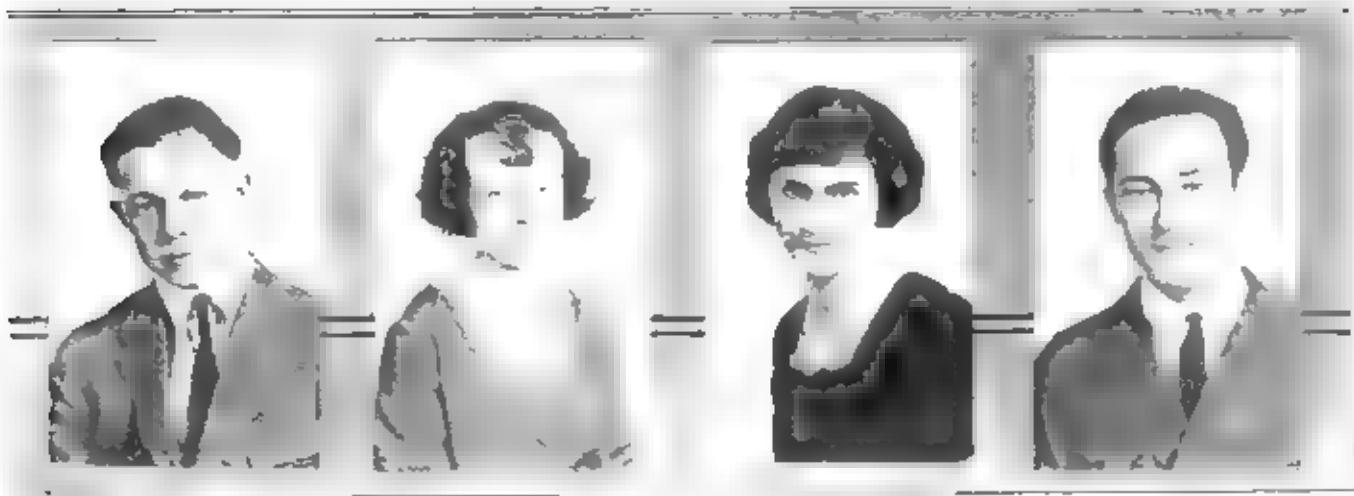
Class of 1923

Ed Acheson	Melrose Hagemir	Margaret Porter
Warren Anderson	Margaret Hagar	Maxel Pound
Burlen Armstrong	Laverne Hamilton	Launce Pigg
Maurice Attmore	Hattie Hammond	Augusta Rahn
Paul Ausheimer	Mildred Hand	Charlotte Ramme
Vera Baugh	Russell Hanin	Cleo Redman
Theron Bell	Eugene Hartley	Sylvan Reibel
Bernice Bishop	Theodore Hawke	Roger Reynolds
Orman Black	Alerton Hawkins	Dave Rosenfield
Dorothy Blair	Leora Hawkins	Ida Rosenberg
Kreda Bowling	Margaret Hawkins	Wilbur Russell
Maud Boyll	John Henderson	Jacob Schiff
Guy Bowsher	Anthony Heur	William Schneider
Theodore Bosch	Virginia Hickson	Herman Schwartz
Richard Brown	Leona Hippie	Walter Scott
Ned Bush	Lacille Hixon	Eugene Seaman
Ruth Clarke	Kenneth Hodgers	Roslyn Shatsky
Jane Cleary	Albert Hopp	Helen Shelby
Consue la Clehouse	Mildred Hostetter	Henry Shelton
Eugene Coffin	Ernest Houck	Harry Shewmaker
Francis Critchfield	Bern Hutchinson	Richard Shoptaugh
Lois Critchfield	Clarke Johnston	Ethel Silverstein
Helen Cromwell	Mary L. Johnston	Wilma Simpson
Reba Custek	Pearl Kerns	Anna Sizemore
Florence Davis	Dorothy Kickler	Helen Smitz
Raymond Davis	Gladys Kinsay	Robert Smick
Lina De Armond	Leonard Kincaide	Bernard Smith
Thelma Denebie	Mary King	Thelma Smith
Frank Dever	Edward Knuckey	Maynard Years
Vice Dyer	Josephine Koopman	Georgia Stewart
Clarence Eckott	Geraldine Kramer	Obie Stout
Patrick Egan	Marshall Landrum	Colonel Swalls
Eleanor Iaris	Omer Lunsford	Nancy Jane Taylor
Mildred Fariss	Aulus Luttrell	Ruth Taylor
Lillian Farmer	Josephine Mandow	Nelson Thomas
Gladys Fell	George Mansholt	Joseph Thornberry
Donald Fenner	Lois Mattox	Margaret Todd
Anna Friesz	Noel McBride	Donald Torr
Lillian Fromme	Roy McCann	May Turner
Thelma Fuher	Anna McFall	Gifford Tuttle
Fern Gallup	Ruth McFall	Josephine Tapy
John Garrigan	Chas. McLaughlin	Reid Tapy
Bernard Gentry	Lotti Merrill	Robert Ullom
Iris Gilbert	Fred Mischler	Bessie Underwood
Max Goodman	Milton Miller	Carl Valentine
Dorothy Gordon	Helen Montague	Minerva Vaughn
Raymond Gottschalk	Dorothy Moore	Robert Venable
Cleo Gray	William Morton	Allison Vrydagh
Virginia Grayson	Catherine Meyers	Margaret Alice Walsh
Catherine Griffin	Harold Nattkemper	Metta Wambaugh
Mary Griffith	Norman Neely	Lucille Watson
Mildred Griffith	Edward Newton	Thelma Wells
	Marie O'Connell	Anna Wey
	Virginia Ohm	Hazel Wilbur
	Albert Parks	Clyde Wilson
	Ruth Patton	Amelia Wooley
	Marion Perkins	Norma Wunker
	Louise Pfleiderer	Margorie Wilson
	Paul Pfeifer	Emil Yansky
	Mary Pine	Jessie Young



•Sophs

The Red Pepper for 1922



RICHARD RAY
President

LA VADA NEWLIN
Secretary

LUCY SWALLS
Treasurer

HARRY ABRAHAMS
Vice President

History of the Soph Class

The Sophomore class of 1922 after having been inactive during their freshman year started out in full swing.

The first meeting was held in the upper hall and the nominations of officers were Lucy Swalls Ruth Temple, Elizabeth Tyler for President, Dick Ray or Vice President Harry Abrahams Mildred Baker for Secretary La Vada Newlin and Lucy Swalls for Treasurer.

The election of officers was taken by ballot during the next day. The results were Lucy Swalls President, Dick Ray Vice President; Harry Abrahams Secretary, and La Vada Newlin Treasurer.

The officers appointed Ruth Rubin, chairman of the Social Committee and Grace Mayfield, chairman of the Refreshment Committee.

The Sophomore's first party was given on Friday February 3 in the upper hall which was tastefully

decorated in red and white. Games were played and personifications of different members of the faculty were given. The Sophomores showed themselves to be experts in that respect. Ruth Rubin recited a few of her comical pieces of poetry which were enjoyed by all. The refreshments consisted of lolly pops, pop corn balls and eskimo pies.

As it came too soon the time limit set by the faculty for Sophomore parties, and all left with a feeling of satisfaction.

The Sophomore history would not be complete without mentioning Miss Compton, the faculty advisor. She was always wise in her judgment and patient in her work.

The Sophomores are now planning a picnic to be held sometime in May. Many other activities will follow before the close of this term when the be titled Sophomores will become Juniors.

The Red Pepper for 1922



Class of 1924

The Red Pepper of 1922

Lee Gordon
 Elsie Gorrell
 Fred Hill
 Harold Hodges
 Alfred Heichenger
 Charles Hamilton
 Pauline Hamrick
 Kenneth Hasfunder
 Francis Hill
 Anna Hylan
 Hubert Harkness
 Raymond Harold
 Margaret Hager
 Alfred Heidenger
 James Hollis
 Richard Huffman
 Paul Hass
 Mabel Hineline
 Laverne Huffman
 Homer Holmes
 Thelma Homrighouse
 Sol Homstein
 Mildred Hufford
 Charles Hammell
 Etna Hults
 Virginia Huston
 Ansel Ishler
 Mary Jones
 John Jackman
 Clarence Jackson
 Paul Jackson
 Myrtle Jackson
 Alice Jackson
 Jackson Jewett
 Kenneth Johnson
 Emmett Jones
 Evelyn Jones
 William Jones
 Glenn Jones
 Nellanie Jones
 Robert Kreager
 Dorothy Koerner
 Marie Koonce
 Norma Koester
 Laverne Kohn
 Alice Klump
 Arthur Keiser
 Joseph Kelley
 Helen Kerr
 Anna Kickler
 Paul Kinser
 Ruth Knebel
 Klemmer Knoefel
 Marie Kramer
 Katherine Kriekbaum
 Gertrude Kruse
 Dorothy Kruzan
 Helen Kruzan
 Roderick Kwoczalla
 Edith Loose
 Gertrude Lutze
 Catherine Lucas
 Louise Luce

Frank Letz
 Howard Lacy
 Agnes Lemaire
 Carl Mueller
 Ruth Marley
 Donald Milligan
 Alta Merrill
 Margaret Minnis
 Henriette Moon
 Marguerite Mullis
 Frances Modesatt
 Fred Morgan
 Beulah McGrew
 Zelda Maloney
 Mable Marlar
 Martha May
 Grace Mayfield
 Thelma Mayrose
 Laura Montgomery
 Beatrice Moore
 Bernice Morris
 Dorothy Moore
 Marian Morton
 Kathryn Mosely
 Dean McAninch
 Martha McBride
 Esther McCormick
 Ruth McCullough
 Helen McPheeeters
 Thelma Nattkemper
 Albert Neckar
 Lavada Newlon
 Carrie Nicholson
 Richard Newport
 Marion Noose
 Byron Needham
 Clarence Newton
 Robert Neukom
 Frank Ophoff
 Donovan O'Conner
 Thelma Owles
 Madeline Patton
 Wesley Powell
 Thomas Potter
 William Peyton
 Louise Pearce
 Frances Pernal
 Wayne Peyton
 Helen Pilagang
 Ralph Purcell
 Ernest Reupke
 Emma Ramme
 Minna Rappaport
 Richard Ray
 Frances Redman
 Roy Reece
 Ellen Reed
 Helen Renchenbrink
 Frances Reynolds
 Gretchen Ring
 Louise Roach
 Eugene Roach

Hester Roberts
 Dorothy Rood
 Ruth Rubin
 Viola Rusk
 Charles Reilly
 Cleo Richards
 George Robertson
 Wilester Rogers
 Nora Schmidt
 James Sneyder
 Lenway Sayers
 Helen Smith
 Eugene Schumaker
 Harold Schumaker
 Kenneth Shopmeyer
 Cordeha Shoppell
 Stanley Smith
 Miller Spears
 Cynthia Stanton
 William Steele
 Paul Stevens
 Dorothy Stuckwisch
 Beulah Shears
 Margaret Shirley
 Mary Showalter
 Mary Simpson
 Waynes Simpson
 Virginia Skiles
 Jasper Stadler
 Arba Stark
 Louisa Stakeman
 Marie Strubbe
 Esther Stuckey
 Lucy Swalls
 Claudine Switzer
 Robert Taggart
 Arthur Taylor
 Richard Temple
 Opal Thomas
 Gertrude Travina
 Dorothy Tucker
 Paul Tuemler
 Elizabeth Tyler
 Ina Taber
 Wanneta Taylor
 Joe Thornberry
 Lawrence Turner
 Bessie Underwood
 Clarence Underwood
 Gertrude Ware
 Anna Welch
 Mildred Whitecotton
 Ernest Williams
 George Wilson
 Erlene Wires
 Lucille Watson
 Richard Wehr
 Thomas Welch
 Willa Winstead
 Benjamin White
 Zella Webster
 Eugene Woodward



Freshies

The Red Pepperpot 1922

A Freshman Theme

FRESHMAN PRIZE STORY

Herman Moench

Who has not felt the fascination of a grate fire in the early fall? The particular instance of which I am thinking took place in the middle of October. The day had been rather cold and drizzly but it wasn't cold enough to have all the stoves going so only the cookstove in the kitchen had a fire in it. I came home from school at noon wet and discouraged. I ate dinner and went back to school. But in the afternoon I came home even more wet and discouraged, for I had had two examinations that day.

Upon arriving home, I opened the back door of our house and walked into the kitchen but as no one was there I went into the parlor. What a cheerful sight met me there! Mother was sitting in a rocking chair sewing before the ruddy, roaring, fire in the grate. I sat down and stared into the fire for a while and then worked on my school work. By that time this was finished, supper was ready.

After a hearty meal I went in and sat by the grate watching the flames. A fresh log had just been put on the fire and the flames tried to get a foothold on it. The flames reminded me of an army

trying to capture an important town. The log, which was the town resisted bravely but finally the attacking flames broke down the defense and gained a little corner. Now they rushed forward burning down walls and buildings. Then they seemed to meet an especially strong obstacle and die away. The army now started from the other end of the town; they slowly advanced then suddenly the two divisions of the attackers met. What a sight it was! The whole log was a mass of flames which seemed to be rejoicing over their victory. They leapt high toward the chimney, and crackling, it was truly a cry of victory.

I sat there, semi-conscious it seemed, and watched it all. Then glancing around the room I noticed the flickering, fantastic shadows that the chair cast upon the wall. The old clock on the mantle ticked unceasingly; it sounded like a symbol of eternity. I then looked back into the fire. It had died down into a peaceful, deep, warm, red, glow. This was what I called the solid comfort and contentment stage of the picture.

HERMAN MOENCH
IB English

Class of 1925

Jessie Adams
Hubert Akers
Kenneth Alexander
Ruth Alias
Evelyn Amacher
Clover Anderson
Violet Anderson
Russell Archer
Ross Arnold
Emily Arrick
Fred Asay
Robert Ash
Guenna Auman
Helen Bader
Paul Bailey
Mabel Balding
Anne Barach
Sam Barach
Helen Barnett
Mary Barnett
Eleanor Barrett
Geraldine Bartlow
George Bauer
Dorothy Baugh
Velma Baugh
Mary Bauer

Emma Bender
Wayne Bear
Getman Bennett
Floyd Bennett
Hazel Bensinger
Josephine Berkowitz
Mildred Berry
Odetta Blunk
Frank Bolton
Lillian Bousman
Frank Bovenschulte
Bernice Bowen
Leo Bowen
Morris Bowling
Helen Bowsher
Mabel Boyll
Harold Bratton
Violet Briggs
Grace Broadhurst
Earl Brooks
Emma Brown
Juanita Brown
Lois Brown
Bessie Brown
Frank Brown
Genevieve Brown

Melvin Brown
William Brown
Leonard Bruce
Fred Buckwitz
Howard Burcham
Raymond Burkhardt
Hazel Burnett
Laura Butler
Leslie Cahill
Truby Campbell
Claude Cash
Irene Chavis
Gladys Cheek
Marjorie Childs
Mary Church
Fred Clark
Keith Clark
John Cleary
Marie Clement
Hubert Cleverly
Theodore Cliff
Margaret Cline
Mary Clute
Elizabeth Combs
Mildred Combs
Helen Coole

The Red Pepper for 1922

Carmen Cirey	Kenneth Callis	Madeline Jones
Helen Crary	Arthur Goldsmith	Mary Jones
Ruth Crary	Serdney Goldstine	Rose Jones
Richard Crawford	Sarah Goodman	James Jordan
Floyd Creasey	Helen Gordon	Helen Kantman
Dorothia Craft	Edward Gossage	John Kerr
Elizabeth Cudbertson	John Grossman	Emma Kile
Lewie Culbreth	Mildred Grossman	Gertrude Kilroy
Louise Cummings	Morris Graff	William Kung
Walter Curry	Florence Granel	Margaret King
Maree Davis	Martha Grant	Owen Kite
Lorraine Detelie	Margaret Gray	Thelma Kite
Nedene Deutie	Richard Grayson	Hattie Kirkman
and Detals	David Green	Orville Kue
Wayne Dicks	Geneva Green	Alice Klump
J. Jim Dinkle	Hugh Green	Martin Kopp
Florence Dodge	Eleanor Gregory	Lucille Kramer
James Donnelly	Florence Griffith	Helen Kreager
Darius Douglas	Leila Grooms	Clem Kuhlman
Mary Dowden	Ella Grose	Albert Kuykendall
Donald Downing	Lucille Gunn	Orville Kuykendall
Everett DuFare	Charles Gorman	Howard Lacy
George Duckworth	Virginia Haines	Louise Lakey
Marion Dean	Mortie Hall	Herbert Laffon
Gus Daspit	Nora Hamilton	Sylvester Laffon
Walter Drennan	Russell Hanna	Morris Landsbaum
Esther Eamons	Helen Hansel	Judith Lane
Edwin Eggelbrecht	Donald Harding	Hubert Lane
Dorothy Egnew	William Harding	Jack Langford
William Ellers	Dennis Harvey	Eva Larison
L. Bill Ells	Virginia Hayward	Marcella Lash
John Engle	Thelma Hearu	Etha Lawrence
Ida Eader	Irene Hedrich	Pearl Lawson
Lawrence Fogg	Willa Hellington	David Lehm
Frances Farss	Charles Hatt	Thelma Lester
Dolly Farmer	Charles Hickman	Richard Leusang
Gay Farrand	Marguerite Hilbert	David Leventhal
Russell Fastig	Floyd Hill	Gladys Leventhal
Mary Fec	Frank Hills	Helen Leventhal
Richard Ferguson	Carrie Hineline	Meier Levin
Arthur Fesser	Ivan Hines	L. J. Lewis
Russell Fessant	Edith Hinke	Winsor Lewis
Bernice Fink	Henry Hoerhammer	Joseph Logue
Emily Filbeck	John Hollis	Albert Long
Norman Fisher	Foster Holmes	Opal Long
Mattie Flowers	John Holthouse	Lucile Lowry
Zona Floyd	Charles Hood	Alice Lansford
Gbu Foltz	Floyd Howell	Harold Mace
Maileine Fortner	Frank Hughes	Myrtle Mace
Ben Frandze	Franklin Hunt	Ralph Mace
Jacob Frieje	Henry Hurt	Roger Mace
Blanche Frey	Harold Huston	Albert Magee
Clova Fry	Harry Hutchings	John Manhart
Floyd Fry	Irene Imle	Isther Mank
Frank Fuchs	Florence Ireland	Helen Mann
Mona Fuerstenberger	George Jackson	Marguerite Mansholt
Wayne Fuerstenberger	Frieda Jaco	Helen Manson
Agnes Gallagher	Carol Jane	Mildred Markle
Frederick Gammie	John Jeffers	Alberta Marsh
Kenneth Gantz	Maurice Jenkins	Gilberta Marsh
Norman Garwood	Marcella Johnson	Mary Marsh
Louise Gemmecke	Richard Johnson	Gladys Martin
Louise Gentry	Albert Jones	Margaret Martin

The Red Pepper for 1922

Lowell Scott	Dorothy Tuttle	Martha Scott	Marguerite Turner
Midred Martin	Marie Lchtmann	Geneva Sevier	Sophia Lchtmann
Blondene Marvel	John Parker	Rex Shannon	Carl Urban
Charles Mathes	Cathryn Passen	Dean Sharpe	Hermine VanBorsum
Leo Maxey	Grace Passen	Geneva Sharpe	Paul VanDeventer
Pauline Meirwitz	Mary Patterson	Florence Shatski	Wade VanSlyke
W. bur Merke	Loretta Peiper	Marvin Shelton	Lenore Walsh
Clarence Meyer	George Percy	George Shepherd	Carrie Walton
Eugene Miller	Howard Perry	Lillian Shook	Geneva Ward
Helen Milligan	Ida Perry	Helen Showalter	Iris Ward
Gertrude Mills	Alice Peters	Esther Siebert	Margaret Ward
Reva Mills	Louise Porter	Edna Stersdorfer	Iva Ward
Everett Minton	Louise Potter	Bernard Silverman	Flora Warmouth
Ruth Mirless	Thomas Potter	Abe Silverstein	Hiram Warmouth
Lerman Moench	Edward Pound	Nellie Silverstein	Gladys Washburn
Irene Molter	Nellie Powers	Maurice Slater	Frank Wassell
Louise Molter	Maurice Piker	Charlotte Smith	Alta Watkins
Jesse Monaghan	Madge Porch	Connor Smith	Buel Watson
Glen Moore	Mary Poths	Ida Smith	Marie Watson
Euna Mott	Helen Price	Waimea Smock	Max Watson
Dallas Mount	Thelmas Quackenbush	Jack Sneyd	Clifford Weaver
Marie Mueller	Mary Ragsdale	Mildred Snyder	Ralph Weaver
Horrest Murphy	Ralph Ramer	Lvall Southcott	Zela Webster
Louise Murphy	Leon Ramsey	Raymond Sparks	Ernest Weidle
Michael Murphy	Theodore Raray	Mary Steele	Howard Weese
Pvelyn Murray	Celia Ransford	Ruth Stern	Arline Weise
Lillian Myers	Herschel Rector	Willis Stevens	Laur Wiesenber
Velora Myers	Catherine Reed	Mary Stevens	John Wiesent
Harry McAninch	Laurel Reed	Forest Stewart	Mary Weldele
Frank McChesney	Elizabeth Reel	Mary Stewart	Taylor Wellman
Lucille McDonald	Atticus Reid	Vera Stewart	Virginia West
James McNaught	Elizabeth Reilly	James Stockton	Willie Wetherell
Kabel Naser	Eray Reimer	Janet Stoter	Alta Wheatfill
Dorothea Nay	Richard Reinhard	Jeanne Stone	Hosea Wheeler
Boron Needham	Carl Reupke	Edward Stout	Harold Wherrett
Christine Neaf	Blanche Rhoden	Leona Stranch	Theodore Wiedeman
Harold Neukom	Margaret Richardson	Helen Stoll	Gertrude Williams
Eva Newlin	Marie Risher	Mildred Sutliff	Florence Williamson
Hazel Newport	Charlotte Roach	Edward Sutliff	Walker Williamson
Clarence Newton	Fannie Robins	Edward Swinehart	Cleo Willy
Cause Nicholson	Woodson Roberts	Beatrice Tanner	Annie Wilson
Lottie Onken	Lilmond Robertson	Glenn Temus	Margaret Wilson
Olive Noe	Pausey Ralph	Mary Tevault	Marjorie Wilson
Ruth Nolte	William Rosenberg	Lawrence Thomas	Charles Wilson
Francis Norman	Teresa Rottel	Nellie Thompson	Irene Wilson
Imogene Norris	Pat Russell	Mellie Thompson	Lewis Windsor
Lucille Notter	Edward Ryan	Robert Thompson	Lucille Winston
Daniel O'Connell	Martina Ryan	Wayne Thompson	Mildred Wirtz
Timothy O'Connor	Cleo Salter	William Thoms	Mary Wires
Edward O'Dea	Helena Saunders	Ilah Thomson	Bernice Wittenberg
Hugh O'Donnell	James Sawvers	Mabel Thomson	Winifred Wittenberg
May O Malley	Gertrude Schaffer	George Tilev	Kathryn Wittick
Opal Osborne	Harold Schatz	Martha Tilson	Raymond Wockner
Eva Osborn	Arthur Shewmaker	Mary Timberman	Fannie Wolff
Oneta Overholser	Ruth Schlaman	Mary Todd	Lester Wolf
Delmas Owens	Nora Schmidt	Mildred Todd	Naomi Woodsmall
Claribel Packer	Jessie Schwartz	Sam True	Paul Wright
Emagean Padgett	Helen Scott	Ralph Tucker	Rex Wright
Laura Palmer	Kenneth Scott	Elizabeth Tumbn	Benjamin Yeager
			Walter Zopl



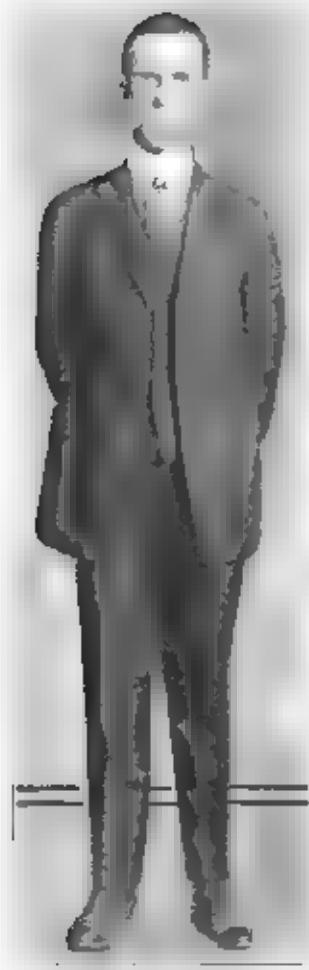
Athletics -



Football

The Red Pepper for 1921

Review of Our 1921 Football Season



COACH GUY STANTZ

In the South Bend game it got lost until the second half. South Bend had it at the start and won the game in the first few minutes. In the Henderson game it was almost present until the injuries knocked all chances. When it finally did come in the Evansville game it came with a vengeance. It hovered around all through the Bloomfield game. It was late getting over to Marshall. It went right along with the team to Brazil and stayed with them through the remainder of the season. "It" later late than never seemed to be its motto.

Just why this spirit of team work and teamwork is not always present is the big question that is in need of a lot of thinking and stove-league discussion. New for the games

WILEY 13; PARIS 0

Paris, with a team that was supposed to be stronger than the one we defeated in 1920 by a 13-0 score came over to teach us a few points. If the game

"All's well that ends well!" Said the famous bard and we hate to contradict the old man. Said ancient sages, "I really knew nothing about a football season, but these well known words of his truly express our sentiments now." Turkey Day makes up for several early season losses.

If only the in-between five games had turned out as well as the first and last two, it would be hard to determine. The individual spirit was there, or the most part fought hard all through the season. More had been expected. Maybe that was it. Perhaps we have not come back to earth after our heavenly flight through the fabled 1921 championship season.

Some attempt to lay the blame upon the confusion during our transfer to Normal and our return to our noisy home of Indiana. Some continually raise the question of the ban on "Pep" sessions as an alibi for lost spirit. The real truth will not do with determined students who are determined to make things right.

We can never offer the excuse of having a poor coach. The record of Mr. Wiley during the last two years in turning out winning football and track teams shows that he deserves the confidence that Wiley unreservedly places in him. A gentleman himself he is always insisted on his players being nothing less. He has always given his best to the boys and that best is a lot.

The thing that seemed to be lacking at the proper time was that team work spirit that unites players into a smooth hard working machine that drives to victory. The boys always fought hard but not always together. In every game they showed that they could be a wonderful team but it so often came a little too late in the game. The Paris game was a little too early in the season to expect a great display of this spirit. But evidences of it were there.

Tolliver was capable of the job. He consistently tried for good gains. But a fellow can not run forever. Besides Wiley had had experience with him before and always stopped him before the danger was too great. Shively gave a good early season exhibition. But the rest of their team especially the backs was not up to the standard of these two.

Wiley's calibre was in doubt especially with subs in the line-up. Although our team had not quite recovered from the rough alumni practice game of the week before they gave a good account of themselves. McCullough fought off with his steady gains that characterized his entire season's playing. Hopp lived up to his reputation and pulled down several passes for long gains. "Dick" Brown went in as a substitute and played a great game. On the line Capt. Kelley, White and Waffle played good defensive games. McAninch showed promise of developing into a good center.

The Red Pepper for 1922



THE SQUAD

The game was marred by tumbles and the lack of "cork."

WILEY 0; SOUTH BEND 23

This was the heart-breaking game that probably had a big effect in the South Bend win. The game right at the start. Wiley took to the early and was a little too stiff when the game started. South Bend came on late and started with a "pep" rush. They had the team-work spirit that would not be downed and we did not.

South Bend had 11 wins. Our plays went over for a touchdown. They kept hammering right away and within a few minutes put across another touchdown. In the second quarter they took the ball from Wiley and shoved over the third marker. It began to look like a slaughter.

But about this time an urgent call was sent for our team-work spirit and it responded. Wiley braced. Our boys fought hard and together. At times we even had the best of the visitors. With a fight in the start like that of the second we could have won. In the fourth quarter South Bend was fortunate enough to get a safety on a blocked punt. After the game the South Bend boys showed openly that they had been up against a real team in fact about the best they had ever encountered. If another game were to be played between the two they would have feared defeat. But our hats are off to South Bend. They played foot ill all the way through and deserved to win this particular game.

It was good to see "Charlie" Hopp back at em. During the second half the entire line played a stellar game. Shoptaugh and McCarr (Eve) were right back full.

WILEY 0; HENDERSON, KY. 28

Little was known about the Henderson team. They were a new club. We were told that they had a very good team. They had a good record last year. They had a good record this year. They had a good record last year. They had a good record this year.

The first half ended 0-0, with our boys putting up a good fight. But the injuries twisted up our line-up so that victory was next to impossible. Every player was in the game and gave a good account of him.

WILEY 14; EVANSVILLE 17

Our very good friends from Evansville had for years entertained the idea that their defeat at our hands in 1920 was a "fluke," and that their team really was superior to ours. But the 1921 game at Evansville did not prove to be the walk away that the Ohio River aggregation had anticipated. In fact the late arrival of our team-work spirit and their having that spirit with them at the beginning was the only thing that won for them. Not to say that Evansville did not play well and hard they did. But so did we.

Evansville gained a fourteen point lead early in the game and was all set to swamp us. Then things began to happen. It is peculiar how a team suddenly changes. Our boys began to work as a unit. They got down to business and won. I saw a great deal of our men making great gains. McCoy, Clark, King, Hopper, etc.

The time was ripe for "Dick" Ray to make his play. He tore loose time after time. On Saturday track day. Even though his running almost

The Red Pepper for 1922



From left to right L. HODGERS, left half McCANN, full HENDERSON, end A. HOPP, right end CAPT. KELLY, right tackle WHITE, right guard McANINCH, center GLYNN, center

spelled defeat for them the Evansville crowd went wild over it. "Al" contributed his share by kicking both goals after "Dick" or "Mac" had gone over. The score was tied - we had to go through the back. Evansville tried their best to get through or around our line for another score. But finally they had to give that up and were fortunate enough to get over our heads for a beautiful field goal. Doss started the trick. Our line deserves a lot of credit for their work.

WILEY 6; BLOOMFIELD 7

Maybe there is no such a thing as luck but this one point's difference in the score does arouse our suspicions. Bloomfield played a good game. They took advantage of every opportunity and won. But they did not deserve to win their touchdown. Next season there must be no pools of water anywhere near the field.

Wiley played far better than Bloomfield in the center of the field. But the necessary punch was lacking just when it would have netted a touchdown. Hodgers displayed some of his 1920 form, one of his runs netting 45 yards. He scored our only marker by a shot off-tackle. On the try for goal the ball was allowed to touch the ground too soon and our tying point was blocked.

We kept the visitors on the defense all the time but their defensive game was all that they needed. On three occasions during the first half they had to hold Wiley within the five yard line and were equal

to the occasion. The Lapp brothers executed a beautiful long pass during the third quarter that put us within reach of the lone touchdown. Ray made two long runs. McCann hit the line as hard as usual. On the line Kelley, White and Stevens played the best games.

WILEY 14; MARSHALL 23

Again the first half is 1 to 0. A bad pass over the middle of the field is netted. Safety in the first half. Mac Lapp followed this up by driving straight through for a touch-down and passing and plunging for another. In the second quarter they added another, all the while keeping their goal free of danger.

But between halves the proper spirit arrived and it was our turn. Ray went around end in steep lat. "Al" cannon-balled one to brother "Charlie" who sprinted 50 yards for a touchdown. In the last quarter Dick grabbed a pass for 25 yards and Charlie completed for the second touchdown. But that was not enough to win.

WILEY 14; BRAZIL 6

This game started out to match the others of the season. In the first quarter Crab of Brazil beat Al to one of Charlie's passes and raced 30 yards for a touchdown. Brazil failed to kick goal.

In the second quarter Wiley began to show its superiority. Ray was sent through tackle instead of around end. Brazil could not locate him in time

The Red Pepper for 1922



EVINGER, left guard. GRAN, left guard. WAFFLE, left tackle. STEVENS, left tackle. C HOPP, left end. SHOPTAUGH, quarter. ELLIS, half. RAY, right half.

Although several of them met the 50 yards in a second or two, the Brazil men and the score was 14 to 0. I was aware of the importance of the occasion and gave as a point lead.

We were the only ones to score at the end of the first half. We caught a rather touch down. In the second half there was but got the ball on a fumble. They also a drop kick. Starting on our 20 yard line McCann and Ray took the ball quite a ways down field. Another fumble, but C. Hopp intercepted a pass and placed the ball where Hodgers and McCann took it over. "Al" kicked goal. In the third quarter the playing was mostly in Brazil's territory.

WILEY 18; GARFIELD 0

Both teams went into this game determined to give their best and confident of winning. Al Garfield was out to prove that their 1920 team was rather a must tie. Their organized yelling and rooting could not be beat. Even when the game was a knowledgeless as hopelessly lost their rooters stuck to their job and encouraged their team for their time still.

But for the first time of the season our team was "all there" as a team for the entire game. They started right and kept going all the way through. They had full possession of their team work spirit all the way through. They could not be denied.

Garfield put up a game fight. Not one of her men flinched. They gave their best at all times. Under

Capt. Mayrose they were a good year forwardable a team as we have ever met. They fought well and their defeat was no disgrace to the team or coach. Our best was simply better than their best.

It was a pleasure to me all the way through with very, very little penalizing. Referee Coach "Jumbo" Steinh of Indiana U. and his assistants handled the game in a very capable manner, watching every play, missing nothing and showing no partiality.

Garfield chose to defend the north goal. Broderick returned "Al's" kick off 20 yards. A fumble Mayrose made 10 yards. Wiley was off side. Broderick made 5 on a trick play. Garfield forced to punt. "Dick" Wiley received the punt and raced 80 yards to a touchdown. No try for goal was allowed as he dropped the ball. From then on Wiley was to be used.

After a long and hard while a good work I Jackson, Wadley, and Wheeler for Garfield. C. Hopp intercepted a pass. A. Hopp and Broderick exchanged punts, Ray returning the punt 20 yards to a try. For the first time Wiley tried to make downs. Just as the quarter ended "Bill" Hodgers made 45 yards.

Immediately that time was called Ray went around end for the second touchdown. Kick failed. Broderick returned the kick-off. "Al" stopped a pass. Garfield tried to punt. Wiley held and punted. Holding of both lines made punting necessary. Broderick punted. Shoptaugh shot a trick pass

The Red Pepper for 1922



K. HODGERS, half; MILLER, full; TAYLOR, line; RHYAN, line; ROBERTSON, line;
WILSON, line; TAYLOR, line; BROWN, half.

to Hodgers who ran 50 yards for the third touch down. Garfield brace out there in the

The second half was a close battle. Wiley should have scored more but Garfield was desperate and did well even nearing a touchdown. Her ends put up a good game against the experienced Hopps brothers. Garfield trusted too much to her passes but the Hopps and our defensive backs were too much for that kind of an attack.

Garfield's trick plays, with some of which she had better, Evansville failed completely except for one wake like. Her backfield men plunged hard but were up against something not to be budged and when they attempted to negotiate the end zone were smothered.

Capt. Kelley is a master of me. He and White played the best game of their career. For many a game these two "old" boys have been a power on that side of the line and they will be greatly missed next season. It was a lucky player who got through them. They could generally be depended upon to open up the needed holes. McIninch was the master pivot man. Nothing got through him and he got through a plenty. He should go big this season. On the other side of the line we had something to contend with. Ivinger, though light gave absolutely everything he had and had his own. Stevens seemed to be in his wits every play, there was no stopping him. The two Hopps played up to advance notices. It

will be hard to fill those shoes. I can hardly think of the versatility of a good end.

At quarter Shoplough played a very bendy game. He had a team to direct and did it in splendid fashion. He is a man that he called counted. At full McCarron put on a great exhibition of line plumping and of doing his work. Hodgers and Ray made great part at full. Both were good at end runs and "Jill" especially could team with "Mac" on line bucking.

If Gran's injuries had permitted his playing the entire game he would have given a field all the time. We lost him to the back. Waffle played a hard game that was worthy of his good career. All of the boys who went in as substitutes kept the Wiley playing right up to the standard. Little difference seemed apparent whenever a substitution was made. It seems as if in the Garfield game everyone played at their best.

The usual trades and ceremonies preceded and followed the game. The attendance was at park capacity. Before the game McLean defeated Sarah Scott at a well played soccer game. Wiley went away knowing for certain what she had suspicioned all season, that she had a good football team.

We lose through graduation Capt. Kelley, White, the Hopps, Gran, Hodgers, Ivinger, Glynn, Henderson, Waffle, Elks, and Taylor. In returning members of the squad, if they keep eligible, should develop into a winning team.



Basket-
-ball

The Red Pepper for 1922

Review of Our 1922 Basket Ball Season



Coach RUSSEL HOCHSTETTLER

Probably some of the readers of sports and some of the backers of Wiley might be tempted to regard the basket ball season just passed as a failure. But points scored and games won are not the only elements to a season. The real test of a season is the spirit of the backers in the character of the players. The spirit and the attitude of the fighting Wiley basket ball team and its hard working coach was a revelation. The fight in games won, the tremendous efforts of the team, their undying fight for wins, and the Spencer loyalty of the rooters were the objects of much favorable comment from more than one experienced follower of the game.

Wiley is proud to say that it had one of the hardest fighting and playing teams that has ever represented her on the basket ball floor. Restricted by many handicaps our boys turned out a very good brand of ball. It is surprising that she did as well as she did under the handicaps. With work now started on our new gym it looks as if we shall have a real floor to practice and play on next season. With that a certainty we should turn out some champion up teams within a few years. We should soon be sweeping everything before us and adding basket ball to the many sports in which we are victorious.

Coach Hochstettler deserves a lot of credit for the way in which he handled the squad. He wisely kept some freshmen on the squad in order to give them as much training as possible, thus keeping a wise eye on the future of our basket ball. "Hoozy" is winning a place for himself at Wiley. Besides handling the basket ball squad he is our regular physical instructor. Also he was one of the boxing and wrestling coaches and helped in indoor track.

Our squad this year was light. But they had speed. They showed that by the manner in which they almost beat Garfield. Capt. Elton played a hard steady game all through the season. He was always good for his share of baskets. Woods was another boy with a bad eye for the basket.

Standu at center, although quiet ways put a lot of confidence and pep into the team. He was a hard man for the opposition to handle. Kincaide was all over the floor a good man to carry the ball down. Scott was another good floor man and by next season should develop into a whirlwind. McCann was always on the job to take care of the opposing forwards. It was mighty hard to get around him. The same may be said of Shoptaugh; he was quiet but aggressive, displaying the same headwork that he did in football. Shepherd played a good game. Elcan, Wood, Standu, Scott, and Kincaide were our high point men in the order named. They with Shoptaugh, McCann and Shepherd got letters.

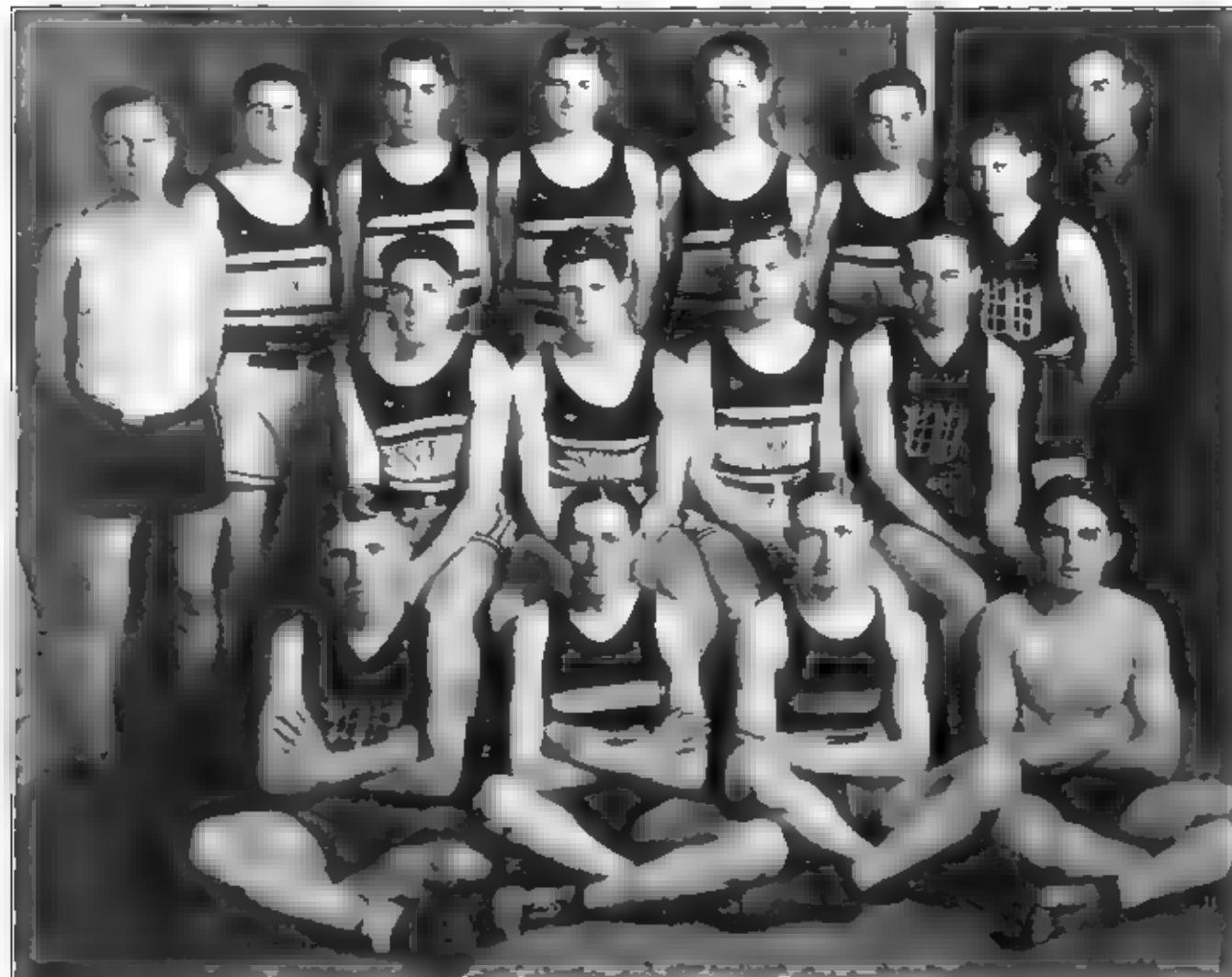
Following is the season's record:

Wiley 21; Evansville 52
Wiley 26; Garfield 29

Wiley 14; Greencastle 31
Wiley 27; St. Joe 19
Wiley 14; Greencastle 27
Wiley 23; Franklin 35
Wiley 9; St. Joe 34
Wiley 14; Normal 26
Wiley 24; St. Joe 35
Wiley 12; Franklin 1
Wiley 14; Crawfordsville 30
Wiley 10; Garfield 32
Wiley 7; Vincennes 61
Wiley 18; Princeton 20
Wiley 14; Fountain 11
Wiley 12; Clay City 14

Giving us three wins out of sixteen starts. We scored 279 points to our opponents 467

The Red Pepper for 1922



Back row - Frank Newell, Weaver, Knud Howard, Wm. Is., Stump, C. C., V. G. Scott, G. W. L. Clark, Ross, Hartman.

Front row - Hopper, Rev. A. M. R. and S. J. Few, Murphy,
J. A. V. C. C., Fred Hartman, P. J. Davison.

A great deal of basket ball activities was to be found over the country, otherwise as Frank Newell, the coach, said, he maintained on the school, if they deserved a chance to make good. So the coaches were the main initiators. Hartman took the name of one of our last names from Terrell, who was known as the Tigers. Took care of our press, base ball,

leagues. By watching these teams play through a great number of them, we were able to get along with our own games. At first some of the boys did not seem to like the change from football to basket ball, but after the first few games, the others were quite anxious.

Immediately after these leagues closed the square was cut out, there are now three all owned by the school master that is working better seasons. A fresh men team will make its debut during the season.

The Red Pepper for 1922

Review of Our 1922 Track Season



MANAGER GROVER ROLL
who has worked hard for the financial
success of our athletics and for the
comfort of our visitors and our own
teams.

In our dual outdoor meet with Garfield we retained the city championship by the score of 62 to 40. Our team excelled on the field as well as on the track. We also won the relay, due largely to the great running of Ray who overcame a lead of 50 yards given Cordell of Garfield and beat him in by about 20 feet. The other relay men were Laffoon, Hutchings and Rector. Ray set a record of 5.2 seconds in the 20 yard dash and Hultz set a record of 40 ft 11 1/2 in in the shot put. Capt. Swalls topped both the distance runs in heat time. Rector made 11 points in the dashes, while Ray totaled 15.

Reviewing the track season of this year in a general way one can not help noticing the splendid moral, sticking powers and courage of the individual members of the team. Their development has been commented upon by many. Under the splendid coaching of Mr. Stantz and the strong leadership of Captain Swalls Wiley's track team has made itself feared and respected throughout the state.

To begin with we topped the annual indoor meet against Garfield at the Y. M. C. A. by the close squeak of 48 1/2 to 41 1/2. For the second consecutive year we are the indoor champions of the city. One more year and the Dwope-Nehl trophy will be ours for keeps. Garfield won the relay by a close margin. The individual stars of the meet were Ray and Rector with 16 and 17 points respectively. Evans, Jr. earned 4 points, Hultz 5 and Scott 3. Ray was liked to set a record in the 220. And he was well on his way to do it when he slipped and fell with one leg hanging over the edge of the track. Even at that he was able to recover and lie for third. His injuries cost away with our relay chances. Hultz set a record of 39 ft 11 1/2 in the shot put.

The summaries follow:

15 yard dash—Cordell, first; Wiley, second; Conn., Garfield, third. Time 21 1/2 seconds.
40 yard dash—Evans, Jr., Wiley and Cordell, first; Conn., Garfield, second. Time 4.7 seconds.
100 yard dash—Evans, Jr., Wiley, first; Ray, Wiley, second; Cordell, Garfield, third. Time 12.2 seconds.
200 yard dash—Evans, Jr., Garfield, first; Rector, Wiley, second; Ray, Wiley and Cordell, Garfield, third. Time 28 seconds.
Standing broad jump—Ray, Wiley, first; Parker, Garfield, second; Fenger, Wiley, third.
Distance 9 feet 2 1/2 inches.
Running broad jump—Mayrose, Garfield, first; South, Garfield, second; Scott, Wiley, third. Height 5 feet 40 inches. (Record)
Hop, step and jump—Wiley, first; Rector, Wiley, second; South, Garfield, third.
Distance 7 feet 2 1/2 inches.
Standing high jump—Fenger, Wiley and South, Garfield, tied for first; Conn., Garfield, third. Height 4 feet, 5 inches.
Running high dive—Fenger, Wiley and South, Garfield, tied for first; Conn., Garfield, third. Height 4 feet, 5 inches.
Shot put—Hultz, Wiley, Conn., Garfield, second; Gault, Garfield, third. Distance, 39 feet 1 1/2 inches.
Relay—our old team won. Time 1 minute 5.45 seconds.

Outdoor meets—
20-yard dash—Ray, Wiley, first; Rector, Wiley, second; Conn., Garfield, third. Time 5.23 seconds. (Record)
40-yard dash—Rector, Wiley, first; Reinking, Garfield, second; Wiley, third. Time 10.35 seconds.
200-yard dash—Wiley, first; Rector, Wiley, second; Reinking, Garfield, third. Time 24.35 seconds.
400-yard dash—Mayrose, Garfield, first; H. Laffoon, Wiley, second; Hutchings, Wiley, third. Time 58.25 seconds.

One-half mile run—Swalls, Wiley, first; Hall, Wiley, second; Fisher, Garfield, third. Time, 2 minutes, 45.25 seconds.

Mile run—Swalls, Wiley, first; Fisher, Garfield, second; Cotton, Wiley, third. Time, 5 minutes, 52.5 seconds.

The Red Pepper for 1922



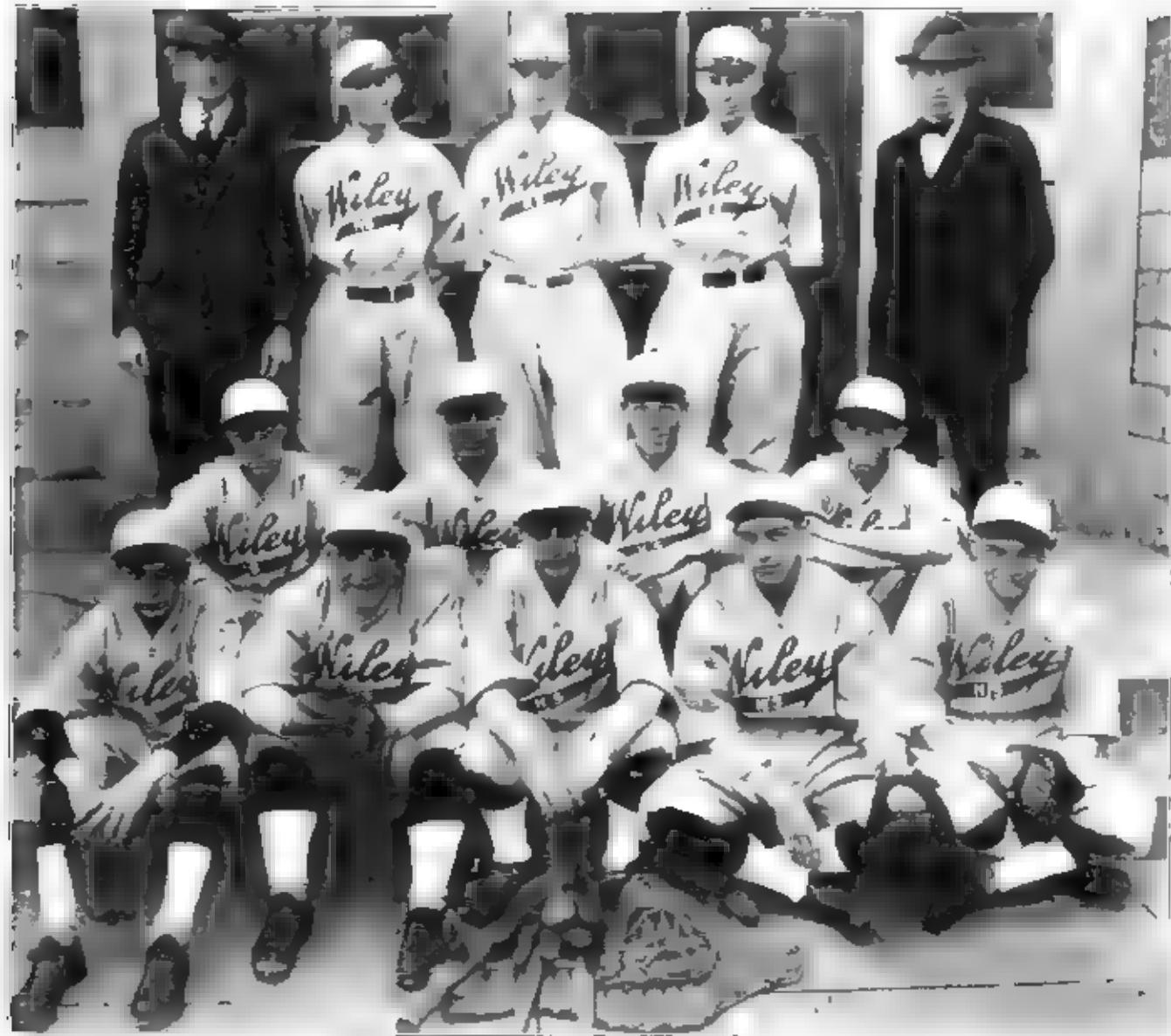
TRUCK SQL AND

1. T. 2. The 3. V. 4. W. 5. S. 6. T. 7. T. 8. T. 9. T. 10. T. 11. T. 12. T. 13. T. 14. T. 15. T. 16. T. 17. T. 18. T. 19. T. 20. T. 21. T. 22. T. 23. T. 24. T. 25. T. 26. T. 27. T. 28. T. 29. T. 30. T. 31. T. 32. T. 33. T. 34. T. 35. T. 36. T. 37. T. 38. T. 39. T. 40. T. 41. T. 42. T. 43. T. 44. T. 45. T. 46. T. 47. T. 48. T. 49. T. 50. T. 51. T. 52. T. 53. T. 54. T. 55. T. 56. T. 57. T. 58. T. 59. T. 60. T. 61. T. 62. T. 63. T. 64. T. 65. T. 66. T. 67. T. 68. T. 69. T. 70. T. 71. T. 72. T. 73. T. 74. T. 75. T. 76. T. 77. T. 78. T. 79. T. 80. T. 81. T. 82. T. 83. T. 84. T. 85. T. 86. T. 87. T. 88. T. 89. T. 90. T. 91. T. 92. T. 93. T. 94. T. 95. T. 96. T. 97. T. 98. T. 99. T. 100. T.

After we had dinner we took a walk around the lake and I found a very large rock which was broken in two. The diameter of the larger piece was 3 ft. 4 in. It also took about 10 minutes to move it. We then went back to the cabin and I slept until 11 AM. At 1 PM we met K. F. and I went to the cabin.

Year	Debt/GDP	Debt/GDP Change	Debt/GDP Trend	Debt/GDP Forecast	Debt/GDP Outlook
2010	84.7	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2011	85.4	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2012	86.1	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2013	86.8	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2014	87.5	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2015	88.2	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2016	88.9	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2017	89.6	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2018	90.3	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2019	91.0	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2020	91.7	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2021	92.4	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2022	93.1	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2023	93.8	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2024	94.5	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2025	95.2	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2026	95.9	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2027	96.6	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2028	97.3	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2029	98.0	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2030	98.7	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2031	99.4	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2032	100.1	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2033	100.8	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2034	101.5	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2035	102.2	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2036	102.9	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2037	103.6	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2038	104.3	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2039	105.0	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2040	105.7	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2041	106.4	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2042	107.1	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2043	107.8	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2044	108.5	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2045	109.2	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2046	109.9	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2047	110.6	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2048	111.3	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2049	112.0	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2050	112.7	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2051	113.4	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2052	114.1	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2053	114.8	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2054	115.5	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2055	116.2	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2056	116.9	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2057	117.6	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2058	118.3	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2059	119.0	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2060	119.7	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2061	120.4	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2062	121.1	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2063	121.8	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2064	122.5	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2065	123.2	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2066	123.9	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2067	124.6	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2068	125.3	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2069	126.0	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2070	126.7	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2071	127.4	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2072	128.1	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2073	128.8	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2074	129.5	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2075	130.2	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2076	130.9	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2077	131.6	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2078	132.3	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2079	133.0	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2080	133.7	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2081	134.4	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2082	135.1	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2083	135.8	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2084	136.5	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2085	137.2	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2086	137.9	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2087	138.6	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2088	139.3	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2089	139.9	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2090	140.6	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2091	141.3	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2092	142.0	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2093	142.7	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2094	143.4	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2095	144.1	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2096	144.8	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2097	145.5	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2098	146.2	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2099	146.9	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5
2100	147.6	+0.7	+0.5	+0.5	+0.5

The Red Pepper for 1922



BASEBALL SQUAD

COACH SWEENEY, SHOPTAUGH, C. WOODS, R. F., W PEYTON S. S. MANAGER ROLL
TOELLE, R. F. B. PEYTON, C. KEISER, IB. MAYROSE, 3B
EHLERS, 3B. CLEVERLY, P. HAMILTON, L. F. NEENAN, 2B. WRIGHT C. F. SCOTT P. DOYLE, B.

Baseball at Wiley

Last season Wiley's baseball team won the city and district championships. This season the boys made a slow start, but came in great at the close of the year. Our boys are the equal of any team in base ball. But under the able coaching of Doc Sweeney the team has been climbing. At the time

this goes to press it looks like our team will finish about fourth in position. A newly formed League Six composed of Wiley, Garfield, Normal, Brandywine, Mt. Gilead, Gardner will probably win with Brandywine and Wiley far

The Red Pepper for 1922



Review of Our 1922 Boxing and Wrestling Season

State Champs.—Not such a bad record or to Wiley's name. In our first class state title we won at Terre Haute High and Garfield was runners-up in both. We won the state tournament. Our track team in 1920 was considered one of the state's best teams so nothing went the wrestling conference up. The boxing and wrestling season at Wiley can be rated a complete success. We will never meet we could ever.

In the meet with Central on April 10, the wrestling events were held first and Garfield started off with

Frank Joseph. Frank was lucky to throw Kester L. Dow in 28 seconds. Then he threw the same. On the same score he scored Kelley in the 110. M. Dow in 155. In 190 Mr. Dow, another, threw V. C. Wiley in 56 seconds. A good writer quickly wrote about Frank. We gave the 100 to Mr. Kelley. It's a whole time world—larger ring permitting more mat work after the flag woul. In a g.v. Kelley the end.

Red—g. what needed upon him the Wiley boxers stepped right into their bouts. Every Wiley

The Red Pepper for 1922

boxer landed blows almost at will. Griffin, 108 lbs., clearly outpointed Quirk, Garfield. Rosenberg, 115 gave Sullivan, Garfield, the count in short order. "Solly" can handle any of them his weight and somewhat over. Fishman, 125 lbs. outpointed Casey, Garfield, during the first two rounds and evened the third for a decision. This was his second win of the evening. Forkner, 135 lbs., let Parker, Garfield, warm up with a few blows and then mauled Parker all over the mat. Kincaide, 145 lbs., won the judges' decision over Torr, Garfield, who stood up under some severe punishment. In fact all the Garfield boys took some terrific beatings. This clean sweep of the boxing and one wrestling victory gives us permanent possession of the Bigwood trophy cup, we having won three years straight.

In the wrestling meet with Evansville, Clark, 115 lbs., Fishman, 125 lbs., and Forkner, 135 lbs., won their bouts by being on top the longest. McCann and Hodgers after hard bouts were defeated. Wiley won 18-16.

Five Wiley men made the trip to the state meet

at Bloomington. Clark, Fishman, Forkner and Capt. Kelley won the state championship in their respective classes and were presented with individual trophies. McCann secured third place and two points in his class. For winning the state championship the team was presented with a fine big engraved skin. Too much praise can not be given the boys for bringing home such high honors.

At the close of the season "Solly" Rosenberg was elected captain for next year's boxers and Clarence Forkner for the wrestlers. They are both good men and yet to be defeated. During the past season F. J. Kelley was captain of the wrestlers and Joe Fishman of the boxers.

Hugh Webb is the man who put the wrestlers on the map by his untiring efforts. He put in a lot of time and hard work at training them. Skinner Lindley has done the same with the boxers for quite a while now. The results of his coaching are easily apparent. If there had been a state boxing tournament we feel confident that we would have won

The Girls Take Up Basket Ball

For a long time it had been the hope of some of the real live wives at Wiley that they be allowed to have a girls' basket ball team. Last year through the efforts of Mr. Davis, city director of athletics, a girls' team was promised. It was promised that a girls' team would be continued as long as the girls displayed sufficient interest. A call was issued for candidates and about fifty real, live girls responded.

In order to determine their ability and to reduce the squad to a number that would be workable, the girls were divided into teams. These teams held a tournament at the Baptist gymnasium. In this way every girl had an opportunity to show her ability, as these tournament games were closely watched by Coach Ewing and Mr. Davis.

Finally the squad was reduced to the following sixteen girls: Thompson, Shickel, Bowsher, Wilson, Stewart, Davis, Griffin, Brown, Passen, Hansel Mardlow, Nehl, Barnett, Oakes, Murowitz and Wunker. Then began the hard practice and training with strenuous work-outs every evening.

The first game was played December 16th against the fast team from across the river—West Terre Haute, at their Community Hall. Our girls had had only one week of regular practice. Coach Ewing

started Thompson, Shickel, Bowsher, Wilson and Stewart. The game was lost to West Terre Haute by the score of 31 to 21. This was the smallest score that West Terre Haute was held to during their whole season. This game showed the coach what the girls could do under fire. Capt. Thompson and Davis played a hot game at forward, while Bowsher played center like a veteran.

About this time a change was made at center providing for two, a jump center and a running center. This arrangement enabled the girls to develop more team work and to move the ball a great deal faster than formerly.

On January 14th the Wiley girls stacked up against the Garfield sextet in the first of the city championship tilts. This game was a real contest from start to finish. It was a clean one all the way through. It afforded the fans plenty of lung exercise as the score was close all the time. The outcome was uncertain until the last whistle blew, with Garfield leading, 19-17. Thompson again starred as a captain should. The first half ended 7 to 5. Garfield leading

A few day later the Sullivan girls came up to play our girls as the preliminary to the boys' game. In order to set a good pace for the boys our girls won

The Red Pepper for 1922



days since 2013-17. We were struck by the fact that the cell phone usage rates in rural schools were as high as in our urban schools. We also observed that the students in rural schools were more interested in learning English. Some of them had learnt English from their parents or relatives. The teachers in our centers were efficient and the new students were coming in with the genuine interest of learning work in the center.

The new government of New South Wales had selected a site for the new capital at the junction of the Nepean and Hawkesbury Rivers, which were to be joined by a bridge.

In a court case to determine who owned the
guitar, it was discovered that the real guitar
had been sold to a man named Stewart.
When the guitar agent had interviewed
Stewart and Davis, they had very similar stories.

Major findings and conclusions

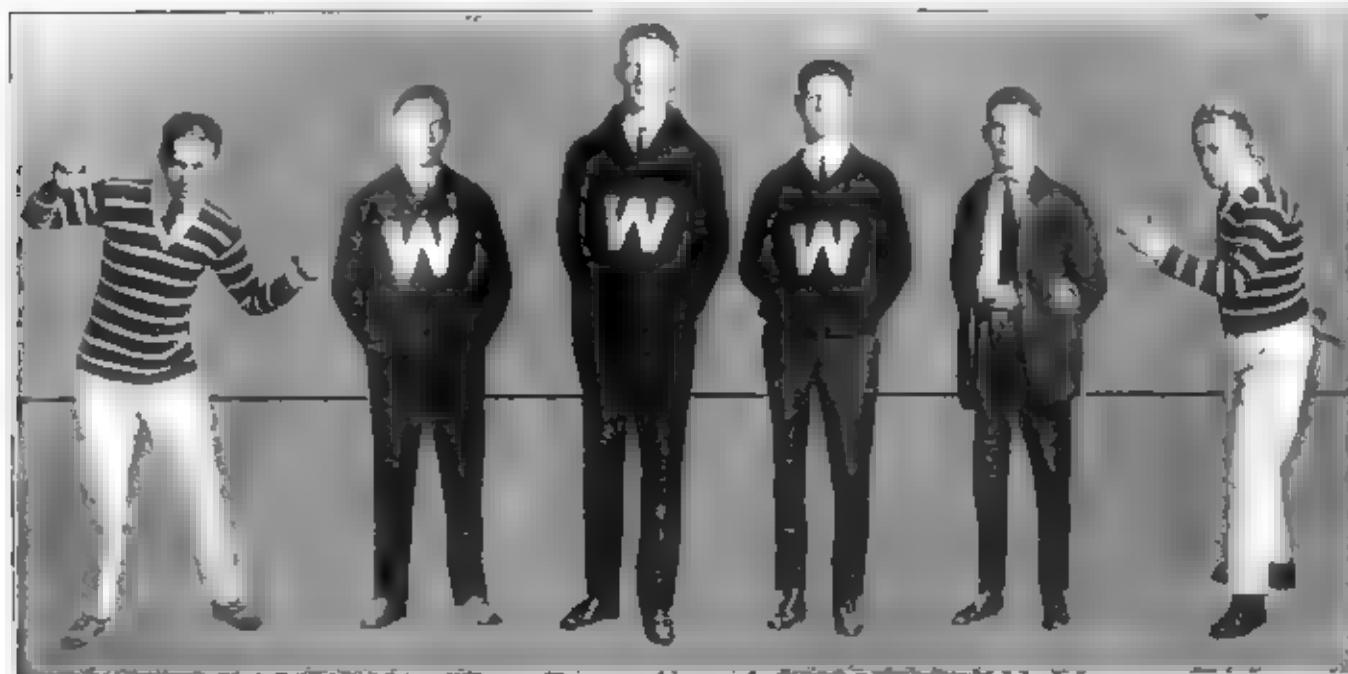
The following is a list of the centers of the sun's disk:

I am at present teaching grammar at University College Dublin and I expect to get it in to the syllabus next year. I am sure that the Professors of Irish

A few months ago, the *Stewart* brothers were invited to the *Hawkins* residence in Marin, California, by their friend, Stewart, now 18. Not only did they get to hang out after dinner with the Hawkinsons, but they also got to meet the *Mary-Kate and Ashley* twins.

When does the heart begin to beat? It is at approximately the first two weeks of gestation, and it continues to grow until the end of gestation.

The Red Pepper of 1922



GUDGEON

KUNZ

SWEENEY

HALL

CARN

BROADHURST

Yell Leaders and Assistant Coaches

The boys who get "kidded" when they cut a few contortionists stunts for the benefit of the pepful crowds, and who get lectured and criticised if they don't are the yell leaders. Theirs is a thankless and hard job. It looks so, Oh SO, easy to get up before a crowd, wave your arms, shake your feet, turn a few hand springs and lead the yells. But doing it is a different story.

Dick Broadhurst has been on the job for Wiley these past two years. He has attended practically all of the games, not only at home but out of the city. He has stood by the teams through thick and thin. And he has been the boy to get results. Never has the crowd been able to "get his goat." His smile and ready wit have been great comebacks for anything that turned up. His limber joints have allowed him to be unusually spry in his movements. We are sorry to see Dick leave.

"Tex" Gudgeon has been right along with "Dick." He has always been a hard worker and thinking of ways to work up more pep amongst the students.

He is worthy of the long line of famous yell leaders of which Wiley can boast.

There is a third yell leader whose picture we did not get. But you all know who he is. "Shorty" has made himself famous at the Wiley games.

"Red" Sweeney has been at Wiley long enough to become acquainted. He is well known and gets the results from the students. When his actual days were over he offered his services in whatever way the coaches desired. He has been untiring in his efforts to instill fight into the teams, and he has succeeded. This season he has been coaching the base ball team. It is understood that there is a diploma waiting this June with "Red's" name attached.

Three boys who played their fourth year of football during the 1920 season were on hand every night during the past season to help Coach Stantz. Paul Kunz, Robert Hall and Earl Carey deserve special mention for the unselfish way in which they helped drill the teams that furnished the opposition to the first team.



Organizations..



The Red Pepper, 1922 Staff

Last spring the Pic-a-rama at the Club Select Club, Astoria, Vt., and the students of the Art and Drawing School of Swett's Building Managers' Club, immediately selected the following staff: Mrs. Stott, teacher; Mrs. Lucy Fodor, Katherina, editor; Mrs. Ruth Newell, Four Organizations; Mr. Schlesinger, Art Editor; George Walker, Sports Editor; Mr. James Gandy, Advertising Manager.

Most of these started right — came in blank through every kind of assistance. In October the Pic-a-rama held its first contest. Prizes were offered for the best three stories and the one best from each of the organizations. The resulting best stories are printed in this edition. The judges were Rev. B. W. Tyler, Mrs. Eliza and Mrs. Dodson.

The sickness of Katherina just at the time she was finishing her sections of the volume caused some unavoidable delays and hence that a late issue. She has been a hard worker. So you have been in the yea all the time — working away

in this, getting the various groups and the magazine together at the proper time. This is due to Mr. Marshall, the Cederholm, and the other drawings.

Ruth has made the Student Section a great success, making it easy to work with her. She put the work a few weeks ago in the hands of the girls that the extra girls can use. Ruth Koenig, Marie and Marion Bristol helped to the rescue on the two nights just two weeks

ago. I am grateful in January and our dates were due to Mrs. Connell — older shoulder. The responsibilities became heavy. She is doing this very well for The Red Pepper. Without her we would never work so well or ever succeed. Her self sacrifice and hard work help us very much. A better editor we could not find.

Ruth has also been a tireless worker doing so many things that it is difficult to single out one. She does more than us share — we always have her wherever needed.

The Red Pepper for 1922



The Hi-Y Club

Mr. V. Chodat, a Frenchman, has
inventoried the collection and
described it in full detail, and
over the numerous illustrations

He was so just & generous with
the poor & to the cause of the A.
S. F. C. throughout the country that he
in the fall of 1861 was elected
either the 3rd or 4th Vice President
of the country. He also helped
successfully help a series of
successes. The Black Hawk campaign
famed the Executive Committee of the A.S.F.C.
at a later time. In part of the following year
The executive was with a part of the A.S.F.C. in
theatre and an evening at the

One of the most important issues in the new frontier legislation is the large delegation of the Secretary of Interior to State - which it has been asserted will bring along next week end. One of the changes will be larger than others - that from Mexico - or else now that was put off in the last Conference. The Mexican mail paid postage is greater than ever before.

the author's name, and the date of the
book, and the name of the library which
owns it. The author's name is usually
written in capital letters, and the date
is written in figures.

On the 2nd of May I was following the old road from Boston to Cambridge. At Woburn Falls there was a bridge across the Concord River. The bridge was made of logs, and was very narrow. It was about 100 feet long, and about 10 feet wide. It was built by a man named John Smith. He had a small boat, and he used to row across the river to the bridge, and then he would walk across it. He would then row back to his boat, and then he would walk back to his house. He would do this every day, and he would never fall off the bridge. He was a very good man, and he was a very good bridge builder.

The present location of the State of New Mexico
is the result of the Mexican War and the
Mexican Cession. The Mexican War was
the result of the United States' attempt
to annex California. The Mexican Cession
was the result of the Treaty of Guadalupe
Hidalgo, signed in 1848.

The Red Pepper of 1922



Blue Triangle History

On April 8, 1945, the 1st meeting of
the Association of Newcomers
to the West Bank of the Jordan River
was held at the home of Mrs. Anna S.
the wife of Rev. Dr. S. A. S.
The church of the Nazarene was
present. N. T. L. was present from the
Christian Home for Girls. Mr. and
Mrs. C. H. Clegg were present from
the Christian Center. Mr. and Mrs. K.
L. E. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. G.
Worrell and Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Williams
members of the local

During the summer of 1913, I was invited by the Agassiz Biological Station at Woods Hole to conduct experiments on the effect of temperature on the development of the larva of *Amphiprion percula*. The results of these experiments were published in the following year.

During the first 12 weeks at the New York Hospital, he was

The Red Pepper for 1922



The Playmakers

The purpose of the Playmakers has been to further the interest of the college in the dramatics, to strengthen the community bonds, to offer some additional and broader leadership opportunities. It is not been a mere amateurish bushwhacking time to the career more capable actors, especially those more backward with less knowledge and ability in securing the benefits offered.

General benefits have been the training in public speaking, in the use of the development of handling the role, the development of proper presence and self-confidence before large groups, and the proper portraying of the characters.

The Playmakers have not as yet developed any play of a serious nature as much as desired. The tendency has been toward light comedies. This is due to the price of the streets and to the fact

that the members could with little expense correct their own errors.

The heavy work as chairman of each act will have to go along with the other activities, but the students have cooperated well. In early April, the following teachers Misses Lorraine, Mrs. Miles, Captain White, and Mr. S. F. and A. J. Edelbeck who directed two groups.

The membership has been about 150, a large group which increases every year. The company presenting one play during the entire meeting year to weekly Monday evenings at the N.W.C. Auditorium. At the same time they hold one or two small plays during the intervals. In order to give each member a part, the various scenes were made three or four days. During the year our new gymnasium building was built and seasons even more successful than the last.

The Red Pepper for 1922

Greetings

to the

Class of 1922

and all Students

of

Wiley

THE TERRE HAUTE STAR

The Red Pepper for 1922



The Wiley Pep

But the way known now is a dead end.
I am not satisfied with it. I have to start again.
I have to fight my better self and my
inner self. I have to go back to what
I left behind. I have to start from
the beginning. I have to find the right
way again. I have to start again.
I have to start again. I have to start
again. I have to start again.

Went to school after the race
Saw the Manager - Mrs. Edna
Warren - Mrs. Alice - with others etc.
Saw the Manager - Nancy - later
Saw the Manager - Mary - longer
etc.
Saw the Manager - later
Saw - Mary - etc.
Saw the Manager - Ruth - again - Mrs. Marion Baldwin
Peggy - etc. - another - Norma - Nancy
etc. My mother - Mrs. Helen G. Marks

The Red Pepper for 1922



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THE RED PEPPER

It has been a pleasure to serve you again and we hope our efforts have pleased you.



The Red Pepper for 1922



Hot~ Stuff



**From the
Pepper Box**



The Lost Strain

First Prize Story—Hattie Hammond

A flood of rippling music poured out on the sharp-tingling December air. There it mingled and was lost in the perpetual rumble of New York.

At the top of the old ware house, five stories above the street, the old musician sat at his piano. His fingers scarcely touched the keys, so light were they.

On went the melody, slowly retarding into a minor movement. Suddenly a loud crash of the keys rudely disturbed the quiet grandeur of the largo. The musician, Dantz, buried his head in his arms upon the keyboard.

The large Maltese cat in the window turned his head and looked inquiringly at Dantz. Raising his

snatches of song pierced the musician's trained ear. Quickly he made his way out of the crowd.

On he went into the muddle of the business district.

Suddenly, amid the roar of the passing vehicles, amid the rumbling of wheels, amid the shrill shouts of the drivers, amid the clang of the cars, he heard the strain—or did he merely think that he heard it? He strained his ears, but all he could hear was the melancholy whistle of a newsboy.

"That isn't the ordinary whistle of a boy, especially of a newsboy," Dantz thought. "Usually this kind have popular songs on their lips. Something must be the trouble with this one."

On came the newsie. His whistle was rather low, and scarcely audible, but in the midst of his song came the strain for which Dantz was seeking. Quickly the musician stepped up to the boy.

"My boy," said he, "whistle that last over again."

The boy looked at Dantz in astonishment.

"I can't sir. I don't know what it was that I was whistling. But I'll try." He tried to recall his tune. He remembered the beginning, but couldn't finish.

(Continued on page 86)

head, Dantz saw the look, and said, slowly and painfully, "It's gone, Peter, it's gone. I can't find it, I can't catch it."

Peter raised his head as if to say, "What's gone?"

Dantz answered the look, saying, "The strain, the most important strain is gone, the one that gives the throbbing of the grieved heart, that voices aloud the inner soul, that speaks without speaking the language of the heart." Dantz laid his hand upon his breast over his heart. Peter placed his paw upon his own grey front. He always sympathized with his master.

Dantz went on, "The 'Song of the Heart' can never be completed without the strain. I had it only a moment ago, but now it is gone. It comes and goes. I must find it and put it on paper to keep it. But where has it gone?" He rose, and went to the window, throwing it open. He gazed upon the moving panorama below him.

"Perhaps it is there," he said, more to himself than to Peter. "Perhaps it is down there. I will see." Putting on his hat and cloak, Dantz descended the five flights to the street.

He was soon caught in a party of young people who were on their way to the theater. Shouts and

The Red Pepper for 1922

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Terre Haute
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Terre Haute!

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YOU
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to SERVE
Terre Haute?

The Lost Strain

(Continued from page 85)

"Oh, I can't remember, mister—I can't remember anything this morning, you see, I'm rather broken up because my father's gone to sea, and I don't know when he'll be back, and—I've never been separated from him before. He's all I've got."

Dantz pressed a shilling into the boy's hand and walked hurriedly on. It was growing colder, as he noticed. His long, thick, hair, greyed by the age and troubles of sixty nine years, fluttered about his shoulders in the chilly wind. Pulling his soft hat over his ears, and wrapping his cloak tightly about him, Dantz bent his head, almost hiding his old wrinkled face, and strode swiftly down the street.

"It is too cold to search now," he said to himself—or to the wind. "I'll go down to Irving's and cheer him up. I heard that some girl refused him and now the poor fellow's heart is well-nigh broken." Dantz spoke of a young fellow-musician, a mere boy who played the violin with great skill. His home lay outside the business district, but Dantz was not long in reaching it. And he knew, it was a poor place, a small flat, but such is the abode of some of the best musicians. Dantz climbed the stairs to the second floor and, when he had reached the end of the hall, opened the door of number eight.

As he entered the room, he heard the faint murmur of a violin. The soft melody rose and fell with plaintive sweetness. Suddenly Dantz gave a start. There was his strain, his lost strain, in the hands of another musician. How came he to know it? How could he play it when it had never been written down? How? For a moment a flush of anger darkened the old musician's brow. A pained, heavy look followed it. Had some one heard his song and had it published? No, that couldn't be, because he had never known the song himself, or had Irving, too, composed a melody similar to his own "Song of the Heart?"

Dantz crossed the bare little room and went behind the old screen. There, on a couch, sat Irving, slowly drawing his bow across the strings. His eyes stared blankly forward, he was lost to the world, he did not know that Dantz was there. There he sat, dressed in a plain dark woolen suit, his curly dark hair standing all over his head, uncombed, unkept; his pale face set and still.

Then there came the strain again. "Irving!" Dantz whispered hoarsely, shaking the young man,

(Continued on page 88)

The Red Pepper for 1922

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think of us next year. We will certainly
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IN TERRE HAUTE

The Lost Strain

(Continued from page 86)

"play that again, the last measures. Wait! I will put them down. Where's paper?"

"Eh-what? Play what? What are you doing here?" Irving blinked his eyes and looked at Dantz in surprise.

"The last measures you just finished, quick!"

"I don't know what I was playing," said Irving slowly, "I was just playing, that's all."

"And you never saw the music written?" Disappointment began to spread over Dantz's face.

"No I was only playing as the music came to me—by inspiration."

Forgotten were his good intentions to comfort Irving. Pencil and paper fell unheeded upon the cold floor. With a gasp Dantz, with clasped hands and bowed head, left the room while Irving stared at him in blank amazement.

"It is no use Peter" said the old musician to the Maltese when he reached his room, "I cannot find the strain. It is lost, lost to all men. It dwells in the heart, and seldom comes out, but when it does it is heard, voiced in the song of someone who has tasted grief."

"But I will search," he went on with a determined look; "I will search, though it take all the rest of my days. I will write no more until I find the strain, and when it is found, the "Song of the Heart" will be complete, and I will not need to write again."

All through the winter and spring, Dantz kept his ears alert and searched for the lost strain. Sometimes he heard it. Often it was in his grasp, but when he turned to hold it, it was gone, like a thing of the past. He searched the very heart of the business section. He searched the suburbs. In the spring he went with Peter to the country, and watched and listened there. But after the summer was almost gone, he said, "There is no use in staying here, Peter. All here is happiness. There is no grief. Let us go home."

In the middle of the night, he would awaken with a start, with the strain ringing in his ears. Once he held it for a moment, but when he had found his pen and paper, the strain was gone.

One cool autumn evening he and Peter sat in the window, looking at each other.

"I have given it up, Peter," he said slowly and sorrowfully, "the strain will never be found. It will always dwell only in the hearts of men. Let us

(Continued on page 96)

The Red Pepper for 1922

"He'll Make His Mark in the World Some Day"

You've often heard that remark about some boy or girl who is doing their work well. And it's all because they are preparing for the future by building their bodies into rugged health by eating plain, simple food. Health, happiness, growth mental and phys-

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are Baked

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THEM

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The Lost Strain

(Continued from page 88)

search no more, Peter, let us go back to the old life."

Almost a year had passed. It was spring, when the birds were nesting. Dantz and Peter had gone to the country, tired of the noises of New York.

But Dantz could not forget the lost strain, even though he tried. He wrote other music and tried to keep his mind occupied with other affairs but he could not forget his unfinished master piece.

Outside the window of the music room a mocking bird built her nest. She did not fear Dantz; no bird that knew the old musician feared him, and as for Peter, Peter had learned in his youth the lesson of not eating his master's friends.

Soon three eggs lay in the little nest. On day one fell to the ground and was broken. The little mother fluttered over the egg for a while; then bearing bravely her grief, she went back to her nest.

It is said that misfortunes never come singly. Soon after the other two eggs hatched, one of the young birds fell out of the nest and was eaten by a stray dog. The grief-stricken mother, refusing to sing, sat at the edge of her nest, covering with one wing the only one left.

Dantz watched with interest the troubles of the mocking bird, sympathizing with the mother. "Surely she will have no more trouble now," he said. "She has had enough." A few evenings later, the mother bird did not return. That night it rained, thick and fast. The next morning dawned bright and cool. The raindrops on the trees and grass sparkled and glistened like diamonds in the sunlight, which beamed kindly over the tops of the trees. Surely nothing could be unhappy on such a beautiful morning.

But when Dantz opened the music-room window and gazed upon the nest he saw its sole occupant lying dead, drenched and bruised by the nocturnal storm. "Such is life," said he as he turned wearily back to the piano. Almost unconsciously he began the "Song of the Heart," led onward by the long pent-up spirit within him. On he played, filled with new inspiration. The wails of orphans and of widows, the cries of the lost, the murmur of the grief-stricken, all were voiced on the keys of the piano.

Dantz neared the place of the lost strain. He grew nearer; he was there. He halted! But the song did not. Into the room, borne on the soft spring air, came the lost strain.

(Continued on page 92)

The Red Pepper for 1922

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The Lost Strain

(Continued from page 90)

"Where does it come from?" Dantz asked himself. "I must put it down. But no, it will leave, as it has always done."

But the strain did not leave. The broken hearted little mockingbird was at last expressing her grief and sorrow. Mellow, liquid notes flowed out of the tiny throat. Over and over came the strain.

Dantz clasped his hands, joy written all over his face. Were his hopes to be realized, after all? Was the "Song of the Heart," to be completed?

Suddenly the mockingbird stopped.

"It is gone, the strain," murmured Dantz. "It was not to be."

But it was to be. Into the room came the strain again, slower and clearer than before.

With trembling hands the old musician wrote down the long sought for treasure. It was done. His masterpiece was perfect.

Slipping to his seat, he began once more the "Song of the Heart," accompanied by the mocking bird. When he reached the treasured strain he softened his melody. The mocking bird sang with all her heart, carrying the plaintive, murmuring melody without a break; the song was finished, the yellow keys were still, but the bird sang on, emptying her heart of all its grief.

"Peter!" Dantz exclaimed softly, after listening for a moment, and then lowering his voice that he might not disturb the hearted little piece of nature outside who had given him his pleasure through her grief. "I have found! The lost strain is found. My masterpiece is perfect, the Song of the Heart." As he spoke, he laid his hand over his heart.

And Peter agreeing gravely placed his furry paw upon his own breast.

Why I Hate Jane

Her rosy cheeks,
Her black satin pumps,
Her taking ways,
Her bow-leggedness,
Her method of always making fun of me

Why I Fell in Love with Alice

Her rosy cheeks,
Her black satin pumps,
Her taking ways,
Her bow-leggedness,
Her liking to hear me talk about myself

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Cody's Celebrated Hats

A Chilly Experience

Second Prize Story—Theron Bell

The mild weather made it delightful for the winter vacation camp at Red Wing Lodge. The cabin was situated among some old giant trees far from the high, abrupt bank of a small river, and on every side were numerous canyons and rock formations.

Among the scouts who were spending their winter vacation with nature were Jim Willet and Tom Alder. Several years before, Jim had killed Tom's pet pigeon, and Tom, usually ready to see the wrong side of things, thought he did it on purpose. From that time on, Tom was always looking for some way to get the better of Jim. Then they had played on opposing football teams, in which several occurrences made matters worse. Here in camp the two boys avoided each other, and hardly ever did a word pass between them.

Late one afternoon some of the fellows were gathered around the huge fireplace, enjoying jokes and songs in the comfortable heat of the flaming logs. The chief had just come in from a tramp and was at the table sorting some papers.

"Jim," called Mr. Woodruff.

With a jump and a snappy salute Jim Willet was in front of the table.

"I had that trail map with me awhile ago, and now it's gone. I think I pulled it out with another paper some where between here and the steps on the hill. I wish you'd look for it."

"Yes, sir," and the boy was gone immediately.

Jim had gone to the steps and part of the way back when he saw the paper blow from behind a tree. He knew by its size and color that it was the important map, and as he ran for it, the wind carried it towards the high river bank. He thought it was gone. At the very point of the drop a wild grape vine caught the sheet, and Jim afraid it might not stay, jumping hurriedly to get it, clutching the vine as he stooped. The afternoon sun had thoroughly thawed the bank's edge, and suddenly, before the boy could straighten, the soft earth gave way. Jim throwing the map to safety, still clutching the loosened vine, shot straight down the face of the cliff towards the rapids of the river.

At this point Tom Alder sauntered up the path from the wood, thinking how that noon Jim had filled his dinner with pepper and salt. The path passed close to the bank, and Tom noticed the paper close to it. As he stooped to pick up the map he thought he heard a call that seemed to come with the

(Continued on page 96)

The Red Pepper for 1922

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PHONES, WABASH 627
727

A Chilly Experience

(Continued from page 94)

noise of the dashing water. Then noticing the spot where the earth had given way, he peered cautiously over the cliff and suddenly drew back. Jim Willet was dangling some thirty feet below him on a vine, rooted a distance down the rocky face. Tom was sure of the boy's identity because he wore a sweater unlike any other.

What should be done? Tom thought of leaving his enemy there for revenge. No one would find him until his absence started a search. The sun had set, the pink sky was turning gray and it would soon be dark. Tom started slowly to the cabin, but all at once the real sense came to him. Jim was in a spray of icy water. His numb hands could not hold on much longer. His life was in grave danger above the sharp rocks of the rapids.

Tom Alder ran to the lodge, and, grabbing some rope, shouted a hasty explanation to the others. Carrying several coils of rope, the twenty boys and the chief rushed to the point of the accident.

A rope was lowered, but Jim was unable to hold with one numb hand in order to fasten the rope with the other. Some one must go down to tie it around him. Who would risk his life to save another? Tom was already tying himself in a second rope. The other fellows carefully lowered him to the perilous position where he tied a firm loop to Jim. Alder had told Mr. Woodruff to pull Willet up first, for he wished to see that the rope held firmly.

Some minutes later, while Jim sat before the great fire, wrapped in blankets, Tom brought another log to make more heat. Placing the wood, he started away.

"Tom."

In answer he turned and sat down by Jim.

"You had a lot of nerve to come down on that rope."

"Well, somebody had to. I thought it wouldn't be any worse for me than for someone else, but say, I want you to do something. While Dad was in Chicago last week he brought me a Christmas present, but he wanted a special California top on it so he couldn't bring it with him. I'm going after it as soon as we get home, and I want you to go along. Will you?"

"Will I? Say, don't ask such foolish questions."

THERON BELL.

The Red Pepper for 1922



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The Red Pepper of 1922

The Chinese Art Shop

For Prize Story Jessie Young

It was a quiet night. Ah Fong sat upon the floor of his studio, watching his wife. She was seated on a low stool, her back to him. The amaranth ceiling was a pale light about the two. The old celestial Arip Sali in his embroidered pale blue satin jacket was bent forward listening intently to Ah Fong. Ah Fong presented a direct contrast to Arip Sali. Although he too was Chinese he wore American clothes and had a very different air about him. He was tall and thin, dressed in a dark suit and a white shirt with a high collar. He was looking down at the floor.

"I have written to the Chinese Consul in San Francisco," said Ah Fong, "and I have arranged to meet him there. We will be sure to make good arrangements for the girl. I am afraid we will be unable to get her back to America. She has been here for so long now. I will go to San Francisco and see what I can do to get her released for America the next week. This will give them time to gather together the works of art."

the art shop. Everything was to be real Chinese work.

"What will we do with the American girl that you brought to me twelve years ago? She is a young lady now, Ah Fong. I have complied with your wishes and have given her the best treatment possible. But she does not seem contented here. Is it a wonder though? It is not such an amazing fact after all. Would it be safe to take her back to America?" asked Arip Sali.

Ah Fong meditated for a while and then replied, "No, we will take the girl with us. She can clerk in the shop. She will be a great help and we can force her to work without pay. Let's see, she is eighteen now. No, no, she would not like going to America. Everything will be safe. She will go by the name of Jane White. That name will never be known. Yes twelve years is a long time. Let's do it, Jane. I think

in another letter Arip Sali said, "I have written to San Diego, California, to establish a unique art school. Arip Sali Avenue. Everything will be just as it has been, I mean the art shop. I will come to the opening of the wealthier people of San Diego. They often came in just

(Continued on page 100)



Commercial, Domestic Science and Art Annex

The Red Pepper for 1922

A Clean, Dainty Home

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It can be had with coke.
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PHONE WABASH 3138

The Chinese Art Shop

(Continued from page 96)

to hear the story of some favorite piece of art and often-times did not buy. Every-one found the American girl, that stayed in the shop most of the time, winning and exceedingly interesting. She was so well informed; every piece of bric-a-brac seemed to her a story.

One day a young man, passing by the art shop was attracted by its novelty and stepped inside. Jane came forward, "Something for you, sir, or shall I just show you some of our goods?"

"Yes, I believe I will look at some of them," Bob Winslow replied. "Dad is interested in just such things as these," and he picked up some Chinese jewels. "Maybe I can find something he likes."

Jane picked up a queer looking Chinese necklace. She handled it as if it were something sacred. "This," she said, "at one time belonged to an old Chinese ruler, Sing Moy. When he died he left the necklace to his daughter, Cho San. It was considered very sacred by Cho San and she guarded it closely. The old Chinese tradition claims that it protected her from evil. It was handed down from generation to generation and was finally brought to America by Ah Fong, the owner of this shop. The necklace still holds a secret charm for its possessor." Jane showed Bob other jewels, Chinese paintings, China ware, books, tapestries and numerous other things.

She had an equally strange story to tell about each article.

"These are all very interesting, but what is the rarest thing you have in the art shop?" asked Bob.

"Oh," said Jane, "I had almost forgotten to show you the sacred jade symbol of the Chinese religion." And she led Bob over to a small green case. Within Bob saw the Chinese jewel lying on folds of velvet and satin. Its beauty astounded him. He found himself deeply interested in its history.

"Why is jade so highly esteemed?" asked Bob. Jane replied in this way, "It is because in ancient times the wise compared the virtues of humanity to jade, its hardness represents the firmness of intelligence, the sharpness of its angles symbolizes justice, pearls of jade when worn represent ceremonial, its sound, pure and sonorous, with its peculiarity of ceasing abruptly, is the emblem of music; its splendor resembles the sky, and its substance drawn from mountain and stream, represents the earth.

(Continued on page 102)

The Red Pepper for 1922

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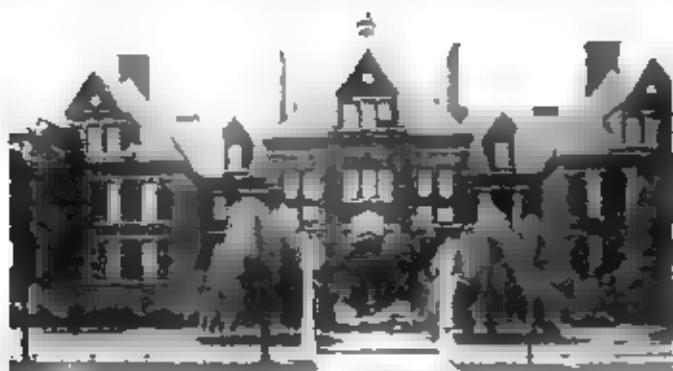
The Red Pepper for 1922

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are suits made especially for men of High School and College age. They are not mens suits cut smaller, but are designed especially for younger men.

Summer is here wear one
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for solid comfort.

JOSEPH'S
512-514 WABASH AVE.



North Front of Wiley Main Building

The Chinese Art Shop

(Continued from page 100)

"Jade was conspicuous in religious and ceremonial use as far back as the Sung dynasty eighteen centuries before the Christian era.

It was customary when an emperor came to the Temple to give evidence of the fact to heaven by placing tablets of jade inscribed with his name and other information considered necessary for record. On the longest night of the year the emperor was accustomed to sacrifice at the altar of heaven the Tien-tan, a golden cup, said to be used in doing homage; the greatest object was a circular object with a central opening. At exactly opposite time of the year he sacrificed to earth, using a yellow object, the tsung, at the proper season in doing homage to the east the green tablet, the kuei, which was a flat oblong piece of jade, square at the top, to indicate the uprightness of his rule, or pointed at the top with various significations to the south, the red tablet charge which was the pointed shield, turned down the center; to the west the white tablet, and to the north the tiger tablet; to the north, the semi-circular "black" jade bangle.

It was required of the emperor or his deputy to wear the appropriate color in jade or other stone as a pendant at his neck—the Green Dragon presided over the east (spring); the Red Bird over the south (summer), the Tortoise over the north (winter), the White Tiger over the west (autumn), very naturally, as the tiger after five hundred years of life turns white.

"The modern mind is scarcely able to sympathize with the old oriental attitude toward this material's precious qualities, esteeming it for its esthetic properties. In its evolution as an art object a parallel might be drawn between it and the worship of the gods of Greece; as they faded in power and respect shown them they were not wasted but became excellent material for poetry."

Bob spent almost two hours in listening to Jane's strange stories but finally went out without buying anything.

"I shall return later with my father and select some of these antiques," Bob said, and with this remark he was gone.

When Bob reached home the servant handed him a note saying that his father had left the city on some important business and would not be home for a week. Bob was very disappointed for he had wanted to tell his father of the unique shop on Madison Avenue and of the American girl there. He

(Continued on page 104)

The Red Pepper for 1922

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Model Ice Cream Company

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915 EAGLE ST.

The Red Paperboy 1922

The Chinese Art Shop

(Continued from page 102)

too, like many others, had been surprised at the mystic knowledge that the girl possessed. There surely was some mystery about her and her strange surroundings.

The first evening soon passed but the following evening dragged slowly for Bob without his father. So he decided to go around to the art shop again. During the week that his father was gone he spent part of his time each evening at the art shop. It seemed like a wonderland to him there. At first the odd surroundings fascinated him. Then he became interested in Jane and her life story. He had studied her closely on the night that she had told him her story. And what an odd story for an American girl. Was there not some mystery connected with her life?

Bob wanted to know more about this girl and the two Orientals that owned the attractive Chinese shop. So he invited Jane to dine with him at the Ransau on Friday evening. This would be the night after his father's return and would give him time to talk the matter over with his father.

When Mr Winslow returned he was very tired from a strenuous business trip but he promised to talk to Bob after dinner instead of going to his room to rest.

"Dad," said Bob as they sat smoking on the porch that night, "I have a mystery which I want you to solve if you can."

"Well, what is it my son?" replied Mr Winslow. "I will do my best."

"While you were away I, by chance, happened upon a Chinese art shop on Madison Avenue. Father you cannot imagine what I saw there; you will have to see it for yourself. The wonderful tapestries and their delicate colorings, the odd looking jewels, the Chinese statues, paintings and books, each seems to add one more charm to the Art shop. And everything in the art shop has a mystic story of its own. It is all like an oriental palace and the American girl seems like an enchanted Chinese princess in the midst of it. And those weird stories she tells! You just ought to hear her father! So tomorrow night I want you to pay close attention to Jane. The mystery lies in her life."

"I will comply with your wishes my son. But it seems odd for you to take such an interest in an unknown girl," replied Mr. Winslow. "One other thing father," said Bob. "Didn't you tell me a year

or so ago, about an old jade ornament that had been in the family for a number of years?"

Mr. Winslow looked startled. "Yes my son I believe I did, but why do you ask about that now?"

"I saw a jade jewel at the art shop and I imagined it looked like the one that you told me about," Bob replied.

"The jade jewel that I possessed disappeared a good many years ago. No trace has ever been found of the thief. I will go around to the art shop and see this jewel that you speak of. If it is genuine I would like to purchase it," said Mr Winslow.

The following evening while Jane and Bob were dining at the Ransau, Mr Winslow came in. Bob called him to their table and introduced him to Jane "Miss White, this is my father, Mr Winslow," said Bob.

"Miss White? Marion! I must be dreaming. I beg your pardon Miss White, but you look so much like Bob's mother."

Mr Winslow dined at their table that night and the three talked over Jane's mysterious life. Who was her father and mother? Where were they? Who had taken her to China? Where had she been the six years before she had gone to China? The only thing that Jane knew concerning her old life was that she had lived in America and had been taken to China at the age of six by Ah Fong. He had told her that much.

While Jane and Bob went to the theatre Mr Winslow went to the art shop. He found Ah Fong in the shop. After he had talked to the Oriental for some time he bought the jade jewel which Jane told Bob about and he left the shop. Yes he was fully satisfied now. This was his old servant. Jane was probably the lost daughter and he had regained the lost jade ornament.

Mr Winslow did not immediately tell Bob and Jane his suspicions. Instead he sent for Ray Frome, a detective and explained the matter to him. The case developed rapidly. The detective was certain after his visit to the art shop that Ah Fong was the guilty person and that Jane was the lost Dorothy Winslow.

It is hard to mislead a good detective. Ray Frome was no exception. Ah Fong's very actions had given him away. As Mr. Winslow did not wish to have Ah Fong arrested, Frome secured a written confession from the Oriental. No one ever knew the contents of that confession except Frome, Ah Fong, and Mr Winslow. It probably concealed some

(Continued on page 108)

The Red Pepper Carnival 1922

The Red Pepper Carnival

The ANNUAL WILEY RED PEPPER CARNIVAL went off with a bang. It was the 'pepsi' carnival ever given and owes its success to the united efforts of the Blue Triangle and Hi-Y Clubs. The carnival was ably managed by Helen Cromwell and Hubert Schwartz.

Here are bits of conversation caught during the carnival nites.

"Hey! John, what do you think of it?"

"Think? Oh Man, it beats a circus."

And beat a circus it did. The clang, crash, rip and roar filled the halls to overflowing.

"This way to the Bathing Beauties," one voice called to us. And blowing horns and whistles supplied by the noise booth, we went in search of the Bathing Beauties.

"Were we surprised?" I should say we were. They could easily have put Mack Sennett out of business! But the joke of it all was the costumes worn by the aforesaid Beauties; heavy winter coats and goloshes completed their costumes.

Hastening from the side show we went in search of further adventure.

"Donaldina, famous dancer, this way ladies and gentlemen" a much bedecked young man called to us.

"Shall we?" some one asked.

"Of course" we all cried. Could Donaldina dance? Ask any Wiley student.

Leaving the dancer, with roars of laughter we once more came out into the main hall. What a din assailed our ears! The raffle wheels ran round around leaving many happy and a few disappointed. But no one could stay disappointed very long.

'Maggie' and 'Jiggs' beckoned with their winking eyes or perhaps we should say noses, for their noses were the things to hit. And the prizes! What cute little kewpie dolls' or a box of candy.

Bang! Crash! We turned in alarm but it was only the orchestra preparing to play. Everybody was

soon dancing to the strains of the fox-trot and clamoring for more. It was some orchestra and some dance!

Suddenly we perceived the crowds moving in the same direction and following them we saw these two signs.

"The Fat Lady!"

"The Wild Woman!"

Resolving not to miss anything we went in. It was surely worth it. We laughed until we cried, and only stopped laughing when we saw a pretty girl in the "Fats" booth smiling at us.

"Are you hungry?" someone asked me.

I looked up astonished and was surprised to feel the sudden pangs of hunger. "Well I'm not any thing else," I retorted and made a grand rush for a "coke" and an Eskimo Pie.

The din grew louder and louder and voices were raised in laughter. Something especially exciting was going on in one corner and we rushed over to discover its origin.

The Popularity Contest was in full swing. The votes rose until they were well up into the thousands and still they didn't stop. Everybody had signaled out different girls and had voted accordingly, yet they were all pleased and satisfied when Helen Cromwell, treasurer of the Wiley Blue Triangle Club was acknowledged the winner. The prize was a dainty miniature Cedar Chest filled with—silken lingerie.

The 'Snake Charmer' and the 'Siamese Twins' were yet to be seen and lingering before these exciting spectacles we were loathe to depart.

Crash, Boom! and it was all over. Over but not forgotten, for it will live in the minds of many people for a long time.

Yea Wiley! Give us another Carnival next year and we assure its success.

Tired but happy, we left the carnival only wishing that it had lasted several nites longer.

KATIE MYERS.

Jerry's Study Code

"Don't study in the morning
Don't study in the night.
But study at all other times.
With all your might."

Spring Fever

From the slumbering in the classroom,
One would think that spring has come;
But the all-prevading enow,
Comes in winter just the same.

How True!

Whatever trouble Adam had,
No man could make him sore
By saying when he cracked a joke
"I've heard that thing before."

"I'm in luck now that vacation is here."

"How so?"

"Well, vacation is the only time I can convince anyone that I'm a student."

The Red Pepper for 1922

Sign Here

The Red Pepper for 1922

And Here

The Red Paperboy 1922

A Western Mistake In Identity

(Continued from page 42)

Joan stepped forward.

"Why—! What—! I beg your pardon Miss—, but why are you here?" he asked.

"That's what I would like to know," Joan answered shortly.

"Steve," Mr. Rancliffe called, "Come here and explain matters. Who is this young lady and why is she here?"

Steve entered twirling his hat.

"Why that's Miss Ruth of course sir. What I want to know is why she isn't more friendly to her father and her old playfellow."

Just then a horse was heard cantering up and a girl, of Joan's type but a more sturdy build, jumped off and rushed into Mr. Rancliffe's arms.

"Oh, Dad! I'm so glad to see you and to be home again," she cried.

She held out her hand to Steve who slowly took it, then turning she discovered Joan.

"Why Joan Gordon! Whatever are you doing here, of all places? How perfectly lovely of you! How did you find out that I was coming out west?" she exclaimed rushing to Joan and hugging her.

Joan after greeting her friend, whom she had chummed with at school, but whom she had not seen for several years, explained how she had been as she had thought kidnapped, and how she had been so frightened at the western way of greeting.

Steve, after he had had his mistake explained, apologized as best he could and Mr. Rancliffe invited Joan to stay and visit with him and Ruth until her father should come for her.

Joan smilingly accepted the invitation.

"What a perfectly lovely idea! We'll ride over and get your things this afternoon and Steve shall go right away to tell your friends where you are," said Ruth.

That afternoon, as Ruth and Joan were returning to Ruth's home from the ranch, talking of things that had happened since they had been together before, and planning the good times they would have, Joan exclaimed,

"Just think what I would have missed if I hadn't taken that ride and I wouldn't, for anything have missed the thrill of being kidnapped!"

Goof—Jean reminds me of an Eskimo pie.

Goofy—How so?

Goof—Sweet, but awfully cold.

The Chinese Art Shop

(Continued from page 104)

secret in Mr. Winslow's life that he did not care to reveal. So Dorothy and Bob Winslow were never told why or how Dorothy had disappeared. But they were so happy to be together again that they did not question the past.

The night after Dorothy was established in her new and rightful home, Bob, Mr. Winslow, and she sat in the library talking.

"You know daddy, everything is so new and strange here, but I just know that I am going to like it. And I love you and Bob already. Just think, over in China I did not have anyone to love except my old Chinese nurse," said Dorothy.

"You will find everything different now, little daughter. Bob and I are going to show you real American civilization and make up for all the years that you have been lost," replied Mr. Winslow.

"Yes Sis," said Bob, "there are ever so many interesting things that I have to teach you. They will be as interesting to you as the art shop was to me. And by the way, dad, I am glad that you did not prevent Ah Fong from retaining that mystic art shop where I found my little sister Dot and I will spend many happy hours there together in the future. We too will have a strange story to add to its oriental collection of stories."

There's a Reason

Cecilia, fairest of the fair,
We love your lips, your eyes, your hair.
Your piquant hand and shoulders rare
But we know why your knees are bare,
For they, in walking, gently knocking
Would wear a hole in each silk stocking—
So you, perfuse, must be quite bold,
And keep your stockings neatly rolled!

"How was the dance?"

"Rotten! I came out with my own overcoat."

(Buck Toelle has just dropped a penny on the study-hall floor before Miss Hayward's wandering gaze.)

"How do you happen to have so much money this morning, Buck?"

"I went to the ball game Sunday."

"And bet on the winner."

"Nope, didn't bet at all."

The Red Pepper for 1922

SODA

LUNCH

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127 S. Seventh Street

Ticket Agent—Ticket to Cuba? What class?
Jim Glynn—Me? Oh, I'm in the class of '22

“What's the matter with Bill? He wasn't promoted, I notice.”

“Oh, he just had a way of letting what he was going to do interfere with what he was doing so often that it became what he hadn't done.”

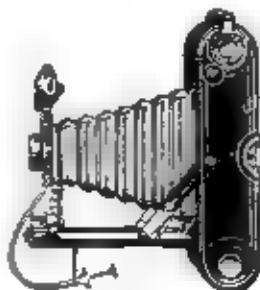
Wiley Prof.—My boy, you lack ambition, initiative, and backbone. You are absolutely hopeless. Why, when Sir Isaac Newton was your age he had contributed a great book of science to the world.

Wiley Stude—Yes, and when Lincoln was your age he was president of the United States.

Marg stood under the mistle-toe
And looked so dainty sweet you know
With eyes so innocent of glance
That “fed” her up and took a chance.

The bluffs are steep and wide and high
That line St. Gothard's pass.
But think of those awful awful bluffs
That Seniors make in class.

These Spring Days Are
Ideal Days For Kodaking



If you have a Camera or Kodak, we will furnish the Films and develop them for you. If you haven't a camera or Kodak, let us show you our line, which is complete. Buy your Film here and we will develop free.

Brownies, \$2.00 Up Kodaks, \$6.50 Up

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The Red Pepper for 1922

Paste Photos Here

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The Red Paper for 1922

A Cycle of Human Life

(Continued from page 45)

Yet some of these poorer babies develop into men of strong character like our own immortal "Abe" Lincoln.

Only years will solve the enigma of the babies destiny for next we see him a schoolboy as Shakespeare says,

"Then the whining schoolboy,
With his satchel
And shunning morning face
Creeping like a snail
Unwillingly to school."

Shakespeare gives us only one side of the schoolboy's life. Let us consider him more closely. At first then, we see the little fellow who is going to school for the first time. He is very anxious to go and he starts out early, dressed in his Sunday clothes wearing a big red tie and carrying his books under his arms. A little bashful, perhaps, but nevertheless eager to go.

As time goes on, however, his attitude changes. Now, his mother literally has to drag him out of bed and get him ready. His eagerness has changed to a whine and as he slowly walks to school with his face distorted into an ugly frown he mutters something like this: "I don't see what schools are good fer anyway. Don't learn nothin' nohow. I wish the old thing would burn down." How many of us are there that have not said something similar to this?

As the years go by, the whine changes to a howl. His school work has become more difficult and requires home study. Briggs, the great cartoonist, illustrates this phase of a boy's experiences better than any other individual by his incomparable, "When a Feller Needs a Friend," cartoons. Here we have a lad, who, compelled to study his arithmetic at home mutters incoherently, "What's the use of this old stuff anyway? Now listen to this thing. If one auto cost a thousand dollars, what will five cost? Now what in the sam-hill good is this problem? No sense to it. Who'd ever want five flivvers anyway? Besides who'd ever have money enough for five autos?"

Time passes and his howl has changed into enthusiastic interest. Why is this so? Why is it he takes the biggest and juiciest apples to school? Why does he shine his shoes so carefully and comb his hair every morning? It's the same old story of "puppy love." Oh, why didn't Shakespeare tell us of the brighter aspects of our schoolboy? He was only too eager to have him grow up, and so, we are

met by the lover. Shakespeare characterizes him thus,

"And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace with woeful ballad
Made to his mistress eyebrows."

Did you ever wonder how many books have been written on love; how many sermons had love for their theme; how many plays there are in which love played the principal part? Truly, "It is love that makes the world go round."

Shakespeare has only given us the ridiculous side of love. He gives us a picture of the young man who is somewhat "daffy" over a girl who spends about twenty-four hours a day composing poetry dedicated to her charms. Today he might pen the verse,

"She has the look of a Saint.
And uses no powder or paint
She's the only girl for me.
My beautiful Isabell Lee."

But let us look at the lover from a more serious angle. Here we have a young man who is seeking a woman to be his companion in life's journey a woman to be the mother of his children to console him in time of trouble and despair, and to be his inspiration in the execution of his many plans.

History has produced some wonderful love stories and the one that appeals to me the most is the one of John Alden and Priscilla. The theme of love is as old as the world. It is said that,

"Nations may rise and nations may fall but as long as the sun shall shine and mankind shall live, so shall love endure."

I agree with Shakespeare when he says, "All the world loves a lover."

Father Time interrupts us long enough to turn a page in life's album and now we see a picture of a soldier, through the eyes of Shakespeare,

"Then a soldier
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."

This brings to our mind the great conqueror and soldier, Alexander the Great, who, it is said cried aloud because there were no more worlds to conquer. After him comes the great Roman General Caesar. The character of Caesar is set forth in one of his own famous quotations; "I came, I saw, I conquered." Following Caesar comes Napoleon, one of the world's greatest military geniuses. The greatest one in our estimation is George Washington. Other great generals that the world has produced

(Continued on page 114)

The Red Pepperpot 1922

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1. Thou shalt not skip classes
2. Thou shalt not wander out of the building during assembly hours.
3. Thou shalt not have about thee any poney or any likeness of any thing that helps thee translate thy Caesar or work out Cicero, or get thee thy Virgil.
4. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's dates, nor his clothes nor his geometry problems, nor his power to bluff nor anything that is thy neighbor's.
5. Thou shalt not steal thy classmate's girl.
6. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor so that thou canst get a stand in with thy teacher.
7. Get thee thy Latin or thy Physics or thy days may be long in this building which the city has built for thee.
8. Thou shalt not take the name of thy teacher in vain for she will flunk thee.
9. Fifteen minutes out of forty shalt thou labor and do all thy work.
10. Thou shalt not kill by thy Chemistry explosions.

P. J. RYAN & SONS

(INC)

Funeral Directors

Terre Haute, Ind.

PHONES WABASH
Office 280, Res. 2424

The Red Pepper for 1922

A Cycle of Human Life

(Continued from page 112)

are Foch, Grant, Roosevelt, and Pershing. But the world would never have known these men had it not been for the private in the ranks who often displayed more bravery than those over him. Many cases of individual heroism occurred during the World War. General Pershing said in his report on the heroes of the World War that, "Deeds of valor were too numerous to mention here."—Doubtless many died in performing deeds of unknown heroism as no survivor remains to testify. Two of the most outstanding heroes were Sergeant Samuel Woodfill and Sergeant Alvin C. York. Sergeant Woodfill killed nineteen Huns single-handed, captured three and silenced three machine guns while under heavy fire. Sergeant York captured one hundred and thirty-two Germans after his patrol was literally surrounded and outnumbered ten to one. Robert Service in his, "Rhymes of a Red Cross Man," vividly portrayed the brave deeds of privates in the World War.

Shakespeare gives to us a picture of the soldier who is seeking only fame. The ideal soldier is one who risks his life, not for his own personal glory, but for the glory and protection of his country.

War! How terrible it is. Let us hope the Limitation of Arms Conference now convening in Washington, D. C. will do away with war and the needs of a soldier's sacrifice.

But let us look upon a picture of life more pleasant than this one of a soldier. The next stage Shakespeare wrote,

"And then the justice
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut.
Full of wise saws and modern instances,
And so he plays his part."

By justice, Shakespeare means a man of mature years who has had many experiences and who takes a special delight in lecturing the young. Youth is ever inclined to regard the advice of elders as a deprivation of liberty and freedom to express itself, yet we know that our elders have lived much longer than we have and they advise us with no other motive than to preserve our happiness and well being.

Benjamin Franklin in his "Poor Richards Almanac," has given us many wise sayings that a man of this type would quote.

To an indolent and lazy young man we hear Poor Richard say, "But dost thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of." To a tramp or beggar perhaps he would say,

"At the workingmen's house hunger looks in but dares not enter." Again he would say to a speculator who is trying to make money easily. "Then plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep." To the rich man who wastes his time and substance he says,

"Women and wine, game and deceit
Make thy wealth small and thy wants great."

And so we have him going through life lecturing and quoting and pointing out the mistakes of the people about him until he upon the tide of time, shifts in to the sixth age which is:

"The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well sav'd a world too wide,
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again to childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound."

Here we have a picture of an old, worn out man who has retired from an active life. He is content to sit by a warm fire in his arm chair unnoticed. Unnoticed did I say? My mistake. In the dim light, I could not see the curly-headed child sitting at his feet at first eagerly drinking in the stories grandpa has to tell. How many of us are there who have not sat at grandpa's feet listening to the stories of his youth, and when he had finished said, "Tell me another one grandpa. Please just one more." How many of us do not cherish the memory of the days when grandpa used to take us out walking in the woods on a bright spring day and tell us all about the birds, how they build their nests and how they care for their young. Who is there that does not have some little toy that grandpa has made for us, hidden away in a trunk in the attic? We feel that we wouldn't have enjoyed our childhood had it not been for grandpa. I feel sorry for anyone who didn't have a grandpa for a "pal" when he was growing up. Grandmothers are fine but it takes grandpa to make your sling shots and kites.

As the constant dropping of water wears away the stone so does time change the man and now we are confronted with the final scene. As Shakespeare wrote,

"Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything."

Here again we have a picture that is not alluring. We do not like to linger on this picture of the old

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The Red Pepper for 1922

Fifty-Sixty

Some business men find it rather an easy thing to make money,—so many of we students think. But the true formula of experience for steadily making money is work. Terre Haute's business men WORK, hard and honestly. That is why we are proud to carry the advertisements of some of them. But these same men find it a lot easier to get rid of their money than to gather it. Therefore they rightly like to foresee fair returns for the money they spend. They

have a right to expect returns on their advertisements in The Red Pepper.

Terre Haute's business houses have always gone at least fifty per cent of the way with Wiley activities, often more. Is it not the true spirit of Wiley to go at least sixty per cent of the way with them in return? Let's change the ratio from 50-50 to 50-60! Our advertisers deserve our patronage. They are all first class houses.

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The Red Pepper for 1922

Ramblings of Ye Editor

To some people life moves as a pendulum. Each joyous movement follows one of sorrow and from the heights of elation they swing back to the depths of despair.

The pessimist continually harps about the defeat which follows victory, while the optimist is constantly heartened by the hope that just around the corner from darkness there may be light.

It seems to me that life at Wiley High moves in a similar course; from one extreme to the other. Last year we overflowed with pep and enthusiasm. This year we had little.

Yet don't you think it wonderful that the spirit left over from the past in a few of the "old timers" has accomplished the things it has. For instance—our championship boxing and wrestling teams, the Turkey Day victory, the Pep and the Red Pepper.

The disheartening influences which swept over the school during the past year were felt among the Pepper staff and if it had not been for the guidance of Mr. Ebersole and Miss Garlinier, our advisors, I fear there wouldn't have been any year book. Their patience and cheerful assistance have been more than most of us realize.

While I am in a mood to pass out expressions of my appreciation I want to thank Mr. Magrath

(Gene Waffle's grandad) for his splendid work on our title page and the picture insertions. If his services had not been available the Annual would have felt the lack keenly, as it would be extremely hard to equal the excellent art work of Sid Reibel in last year's book.

My fellow members of the staff have done hard work at times when they were least inclined to and for this we owe them a great deal. Let us hope that next year the students of Wiley High will have as good a bunch to depend upon.

I am sure that they will, so I wish them all success in putting over a bigger and better Red Pepper.

I must say a word about our advertisers. They are all Wiley Boosters and real Terre Hauteans. They deserve our backing and will get it.

I also wish to thank the teachers and members of the English department for the success of our literary section. Especially the judges of the prize story contest; Miss Flood, Mrs. Dodson and Rev. Tyler. Paulette Walker deserves special mention for her work, as well as those mentioned in the Staff write-up.

CED GRAN,

Editor.

More Geometry

Diogenes and Socrates
Might understand isosceles;
But I, with my inferior brains mind,
May never solace, hope to find
In Chinese puzzles of the kind—Geometry.
And with all zeal and aptitude
I seek to find the altitude;
I search in vain for the square of "pi"
I faint, I reel, I fail, I die
In trying to find the radii.—Geometry.
The bugbear of my high school days,
The thing that beat me forty ways—
With waking hours and sleepless nights,
With long internal mental flights
I struggle through the wretched heights of—
Geometry.
Euclid, that geezer (long since dead)
Must certainly have had a head
For circles, polygons, and planes;
He had a dozen common brains;
Absorbed all sans aches or pains—Geometry.
I pray thee, tell me what's the use
Of the mid-point of the hypotenuse?

A trapezoid, a rhombus too—
All sorts of angles tried and true.

A Cycle of Human Life

(Continued from page 114)

man on the brink of the grave and who has sunk into oblivion. But why do we feel sorry for this old man? Has he not had the privilege and joy of living? It is only right then that he should make room for the coming generations that they too may enjoy the privilege of living through these seven ages.

This brings us to the thought that as we journey through life we should try to get the best things out of it. As Longfellow said,

"Lives of Great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, Departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time."

